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1910

GLIMPSES
OF
BEULAH LAND

MRS. BURKE'S POEMS

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Book .U617L4
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May Morse-Burke,

Author.

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The Lily's Primal Cause

"Consider the Lilies; how they grow."

[Dedicated to Arthur Prentice, Burnhams, N. Y., a life long friend who suggested the subject.]

God breathed into the bosom of the lake
A lotus-tinted breath of flame,
Embryoned with the essence of Himself;
Pulsing the lilies name.

When, lo! Stagnation stirred, convulsed with keen Desire,
In wanton measurement, and play---
As, Passion's co-efficient, rippling kiss
Waved, where God's sunlight lay.

Pregnation moved the Mire, and from its depths
There sprung---through surge---in bud---and fold
Of leaves--- a Petaled star of white, whose crest,
Gleamed, coronet of gold.

June 1, 1910

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May Morse Burke

KEY TO THE LAWS

OF THE

OCCULT PSYCHE SCIENCE

OR

GLIMPSES OF BEULAH LAND

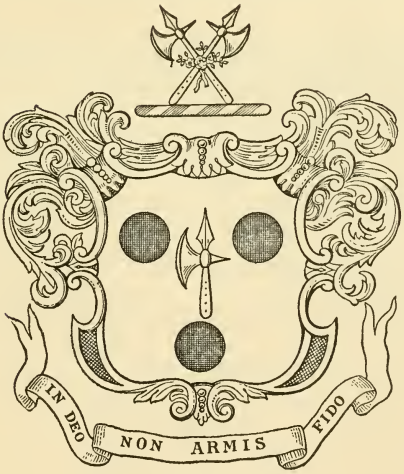
AS VIEWED FROM EARTH

THROUGH THE

PSYCHE COMMUNE

OF

MAY MORSE-BURKE



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TITUS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

DEDICATION

To my friends and co-workers in the Cause of Higher Knowledge---to my Angel Messengers, from God, do I dedicate this Compilation. Your Earnest Student.

MAY MORSE-BURKE

April 6, 1910

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GREETING

She, who signs her name to these pages is virtually the author.

Under what conditions the inspiration came, or by whose agency, the reader will care little, if this work interests him; and still less if it does not.

Opinion will not alter Facts; and, from a sense of higher justice, than Individual Opinion, I sign myself, a friend to all.

MAY MORSE-BURKE

April 6, 1910

INTRODUCTION

"Introduction, and Authority to John Henry Titus, Critic, for Punctuation and Editing the MSS. for this Book; through Inspiration of Author, by one of her guides. Analagous to thine own mind, and in accordance to thine "Other Self," ye shall be made to understand, the diction without parlance, or controversy. The age, in which ye live, is Obedient to distant Approachings, and the Van-guard, of Eternity's Projectments, will be rehearsed in pride, and becoming enslavement of its charms.

Detract not, from thy Guide's vocalization, but bravely proscribe thy self to his utterances, doing thyself proud. Urbanity, is not perfection in Scholastic eminence. Ye shall maintain expression, leaping the confines of Tradition, imposing upon thy self the Economics of vocalization. Scorn the Hybrids of Modern distinction, becoming Powerful, in Self."

January 28th, 1910.

* * * * * * *

Through years of observation and experience as a Critic and Author, I have been made conscious of the fact that by a strict adherence to present-day rules and technics as prescribed by certain ones of Collegiate authority, that the beauty and worth, lying in the productions of many an author's Manuscript have been either changed or else ruined; and oftimes lost by being entrusted, without restraint, to Critics for revisement and "Classic" interpretation, and general preparation.

I differ from the most of critics. The reader, reads with hope of learning the author. Hence, in my work I have sought to understand the author in the work here presented; and have avoided any changes or stripping the original writing or changing the meaning of sentences by Iron-clad rules in punctuation, and, especially—inspirational—as is the production of the within compilation. To this end I have confined myself to the direction as given in the above instructions by one of the author's "Guides" or Spirit-messengers, whose intelligence I recognize as authority in this matter, as I do in many other subjects. The

Preface, by the author, and contents of this book will suffice, and make unnecessary for any additional introduction in its presentation to the public. May its contents be understood and realized as I have been enabled to understand and realize the production in the careful, candid and sincere application in my work performed as Critic and Co-worker for the reform of mankind from error and ignorance, and for the uplift of humanity.

John Henry Titus,
Critic.

April 6, 1910
Jamestown, N. Y.

Thy Guardian's Face

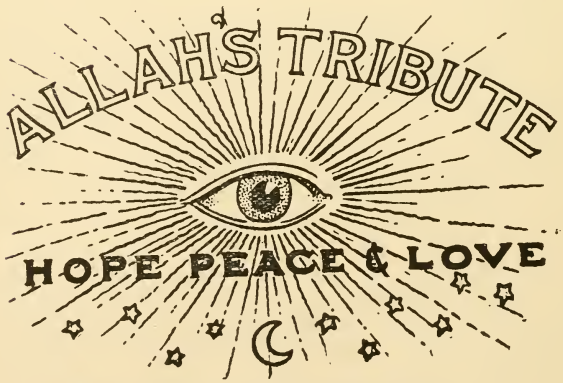
Allah's Tribute

Allah speaks in tones, as gentle,
As the soughing of the trees,
When their leaves are fluttering music
Swaying in each perfumed breeze.

He would say, to thee---My children---
Hope, and Peace, and Love, be thine;
Making, Sea of Life, to sparkle,
Like the flow of olden wine.

He, beseeches, thee, in kindness,
Forfeit not, thy gifts of Grace,
And the heavens, will open, to thee---
Ye, shalt see, thy Guardian's face.

Feb. 28, 1910.



Monogramed with Allah's Tribute,
Rainbowed in the Arching sky,
Crescented, Immortal promise,
Emblazoned in the All-Seeing-Eye.

Feb. 22, 1910.

Glimpses of Beulah Land

The Secret Key

A VOICE

"Thou and Thy God Stand Face to Face."

A voice from out the silence spake,
  Bidding me seek the hidden key
That locked the doors of light, of truth,
  Of love, between my God and me.

Bewildered, in the dismal swamp
  Of doubt I stood, gazing around
Upon the tangled threads of life
  That kept my soul as captive bound

To wanton web. And, Oh! I cried:
  "Thou silent voice, that speaks to me
On vibrant waves of mute desire,
  Where is the key? Where is the key."

In tremulous expectancy
  I waiting harked; then, lo! upon
The air there floated this response:
  "Go on! A little farther on."

My hungering heart was aching, sore.
  Rank weeds lay meshed around my feet
With poisonous vines, whose tendrils wove
  The trail where slimy serpents creep.

Dejected, sad, and all but spent,
I turned to silent voice once more:
"Un-loose my fetters! set me free!"
I prayed as never prayed before.

Out from the darkness of my doubt
Shot forth a light, a single ray—
As zigzag lightning from the clouds—
Revealing me the hidden way.

Encrypted within a recess deep
Of heart of mine, where none could see
But God, the angels and my soul,
I saw the key, the secret key.

I pulsed the joy that quickened in
My being's chalice, running o'er
With love's pure essence, as the light
From God streamed through the open door.

Flooding my heart with kindliness;
With pity, for the human race,
As silent voice spake to my soul:
"Thou and thy God stand face to face."

Sept. 25, 1909.

(Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. 'Catharine Elliott Weaver, a remarkable Psychic of Elmira Heights, N. Y.)

A Prayer

Master,—take my heart's pure longings,—
String them on the strand of time,—
Run them out in the forever,—
Weave them in Love's Loom Divine.

Take the dark threads of life's twilight;
Bathe them in the roseate glow
Of the dawn, of life's supernal,—
Leaving not one trace of woe.

Take my errors—they are many—
Cast them in oblivion's sea,—
All my heart-aches, and my sufferings,—
Banish, from my memory.

Straighten out the labyrinthian
Vista; of my wasted years,
That I glimpse, with memory's vision,—
Daily, through a mist of tears.

Gather up the tiny fragments,
Of the good deeds, I have done;
And with love, cement together,
All the pieces, into one.

Cast It out into the Future,—
Keeping it within my view,—
As a magnet,-potent,-powerful,—
Drawing me to Heaven, and you.

Sept. 8th, 1907.

A Dedication to the Author of this Book

Allah, be with thee, and guard thee well;
Allah, be with thee, and help thee to tell
The story of Love,—the story of Truth,—
To enlighten the mind, and sweetly soothe
The heart,—giving to all mankind
Pure lives of worth! and unto the blind
The sight, that looks above material things
Into the life beyond,—and brings
Love, and beauty from the heights, Supernal,
Proving that thou, hast found the Light Eternal.

So, Allah, be with thee, and guard thee well,
Helping thee, this story of love to tell,
That all may see, and reading, know
The Truth of the saying, here below,
That "Life is Progression," and those who heed
The Voice of the Spirit, will have no need,
Of Priest, or Pilot, or, noisome Creed.

By C. A. S.

The Author's Benediction to Her Critic

Allah, be with thee! sounds the key-note,—
Touched by angel hands, that seem to float
From heaven's cathedral, to my listening ear,—
I catch the benediction, and breathe it here.

Allah, be with thee! comes the message once more,
In anthems louder, clearer, than before,
Antiphonied by music, from Celestial spheres,
To cadence thee along the nebulous years.

Allah, be with thee! and prism thee on
To the glorious gates, of eternal-dawn;
Where God's great Wisdom, meteoric, plays
Through minds, prepared, to to teach His wonderous ways.

May 20, 1910.

Similes, not Names

It is not the Christ, but the Spirit of Christ that we should cultivate. How erroneous is the idea that Christ, as a person, should be reverenced, or worshipped. It is not the Man, but the Spirit, that should be followed. A Man, is a man—physical and subject to phy-

sical conditions, and environments, but the Spirit, or Principle, is the Actuality, and what survives or lives after him? Try and discriminate between this finely drawn simile and understand it.

Faith, faith, faith, and legitimate labor along all lines is the basic foundation of purity.

The Theater of Grace

Ye grasp the living and the dead,
In one grand march of rhyme,
Slinging it to Posterity,
Along the trend of Time.

And, with one visionary sweep,
The Works of God, Ye scan
In multitudinous Horoscope,—
Reading the thoughts of man.

Ye grasp the Infinite, in space,—
Bending it to thy will,
Whilst in the Theater of Grace,
Ye murmur: "Peace be Still."

Feb. 11th, 1910.

God's Immortal Sun

Light in the Darkness, and They Comprehended Not.

Looking below from lofty heights,
We see ye, all, as one,
Toiling along, in uncertain lights—
Of God's Immortal Sun.

Whose rays are vaster than the mind—
Of Mortal, can impart,
Conceive—or grasp,—until ye find,—
And Feel them, in thy heart.

Oh! Orb, of Love! whose rays unite
All Souls,, in one grand Sea
Of Universal brotherhood,
Throughout, Eternity!

Oct. 21, 1909.

Christmas

The Christ Was Born.

Christmas! The bells peal out
To usher in a morn
Made sacred by the memory of
A babe. A Christ was born!

In lowly manger of the poor:
Whilst o'er the hills a-far,
There 'rose upon the heavens
A new born, Bethlehem Star.

The Babe; A Saviour unto men;
The Star; A guiding light;
Both pointing out the better way
To guide our steps aright.

* * * * * * *

The centuries roll backward now.
I see the first glad day
Of Christmas, in a stable,
Where the infant Jesus lay.

Anon I see a mother
With her babe clasped to her breast,
Following the light of Bethlehem's star
To safety and to rest.

Anon! and still anon, I see
The babe to manhood grown;
Healing the sick, raising the dead,
Comforting the sad and lone.

Performing wonders where'er he went,
As our own saviors can,
Leaving the world this legacy:
Peace, and good will to man.

Like moving pictures, comes a Cross,
In memory's imagery,
Nailed, bleeding, pierced with thorns, there hangs
The Christ of Calvary.

The sepulcher, the angel hand
That rolled away the stone;
The empty tomb; the wonderment,
All this! and more is shown.

Then comes the Mount where Christ was seen
Arisen from the dead.
Anon comes those of different faith,
And honest blood is shed.

For some had doubts and disbeliefs,
While others knelt to pray.
But midst the din of doubt and war,
They all held Christmas day.

Some cursed, some fought, some knelt in prayer,
Praying: "For Jesus sake."
While other saviors were being tried
And burned at the fiery stake.

And here, in our own land and clime,
We have seen our saviors burn
For "doing greater things than these;"
Each crucified in turn.

And all for love of "creed" 'twas done;
("For God, the living Truth")
As they believed, as we believed,
In the days of early youth.

Until angels came, with tiny raps.
They wove a subtle chain
That links us to the God above;
And it cannot break in twain.

For wisdom, with her intellect,
Has pointed to the Star
Of Bethlehem, whose kindly rays
Come gleaming from afar.

As down the ages past it shines,
Through mist of doubts and fears,
It finds new saviors on the cross
In midst of gloom and tears.

But, as the cycles roll away
With each succeeding sun,
It draws us closer, each to each,
In Unity, as one.

For, o'er the hill-tops, from afar,
The lighted Star doth shine;
Pointing us out the perfect way
Of intelligence divine.

And by its rays we ope the door,
At knock of angel hand,
Greeting our friends of other days,
Long passed to spirit-land.

So let us all unite in love
For Christ, the crucified,
Whose birth makes Christmas possible,
And all time specified.

Turn back, turn back, the scroll of time,
To history's oldest lore
You'll find A. D. or else B. C.,
'Tis after or before.

So once again I say, unite
In love to Christ, the Son
Whose birth computes the march of time
Since history was begun.

And while we love His memory,
Let us look adown the age,
Finding His power made manifest
By others at every stage.

'Tis here, around about us!
All mediums in the land
Are saviors; let us bless them,
Reaching forth the helping hand.

There are those who now are "on the cross,"
Being crucified and sold
"By Judas of the little pence,"
As was the Christ of old.

Now may the Star, whose gentle rays
Of wisdom's perfect light
Shine on, advancing all mankind,
From out their creed-bound night.

And, until we meet, next Christmas,
Within this same dear hall,
I leave you to the angel's care
With peace unto you all.

And may the Christmas tide of love
Stream on, and may the light
Of wisdom shine with peace, good will
On all that's here tonight.

Dec. 19, 1909.

Lincoln

Above the sod, where virtue sleeps,
Beneath the stars, whose weeping eyes
Rain meteoric sparks of light
Around the tomb where Lincoln lies;
Hallowed the spot, in every heart,
Around whose temple memory dwells,
Making a recess, set apart—
Low, bow the head—ring softly, bells,
In memory of our martyred chief.
Nobility of empyrian heights;
Concentered Emolument of Worth,
O'ercome; for Ethopia's rights,
Laid low. A Hercules in mind,
Nobleness, dignity, worth combined.

* * * * * *

Over the Darkness, over the Pall,
Under Heaven's canopy, pledge thou a bond
Reverbrant With Love, and Fraternal devotion, while
Morpheus lingers with Lethean wand,
Across the divide-of-hearts; in whose chasm
Rythmically flows the streamlet of Love:
Translucent transfusions of peace;-born of Heaven!
Yonder, where Lincoln smiles down from above—
Replete with the joy of Resonant-music; which
Eruptively flows from the earth, to the skies!
Distinctive, Euphonic heart Emanations,
Pulsating with love, while tears gush from the eyes.
Revere! then, the memory of Abraham Lincoln!
Extend thou, the hand of brotherly love,—

Selecting as Symbol; (of Faith, Truth, and Union—
Inviolable) the Olive Branch Nestling a dove.
Defender of Right, in a Cause great as Primal, when
Eden awoke, from her lethargic years;
Nursling of Nature; whose untimely ending
Threw Nations in mourning, and sorrow, and tears.

Egypt

Darkest Egypt! Golden yellow
Hangs Thy moon, o'er lowly grave,
In whose mouldering depths long sleepeth
Thy Fairest Queen; Love's wanton slave.

She, whose dewy eyes of passion,
Lit the flame of love, that burned
Into embers; Glory—Honor—
Antony so richly earned.

Weep Ye, Egypt! o'er the fallen
Heroes, of thy dusky Queen;
For whose lotus charms, thy waters
Chant a requiem, in their green

Bosom, on whose shadowed surface
Mirrored by the twinkling stars—
Stalks the phantoms of her wooing—
Roman Emperors! Roman Czar's.

Dream, Thee, Egypt! of thy greatness!
(In dark ages of the past)
When thy soul in wanton revel,
Dreamed fond dreams, that could not last.

Underneath thy sandy desert!
Where the Vultures cloy thy prey,
Lie Thebian urns! long buried!
Hidden from the light of day.

There! thy Pyramid's in grandeur,
Sphinx-like, loom against the sky;
As a Monument of Ages;
Where unfathomed secrets lie.

"Temples of the world's great Empress,"
Glory of Egyptian plains!
Amnon's solitary ruins
Thy past Majesty, proclaims.

Egypt! fallen is thy glory!
Ye, art fallen from thy grace!
Ye, are but a feeble, ancient
Step-stone, for the Anglo race.

Crumble! massive, Time-worn Egypt!
Bear decay, with lofty smile!
Whilst around thy ruined Temples,
Coil the serpents of the Nile.

And Thou! Oh! Moon! Let golden yellow
Rays of thine, more brightly gleam
O'er the tomb of (dusky Daughter)
Love's fair wanton—Egypt's Queen.

Pyramids! Temples! Cleopatra!
Remain Ye, (Ages to beguile)
In Fancy's image—still unfathomed—
As Ancient Wizard of the Nile.

Nov. 21, 1909.

A Soliloquy to Vesuvius

Thou, Vesuvius! rumbling warnings
Ere thy fiery currents roll
Gigantic billows—purging
From the bowels of thy soul!

Monster! thou, who Archetyped thine
Architectural form, in cloud?
Who keeps thine heart forever weaving
For thy victims,—Lava-shroud?
Centuries upon centuries, rolling,
Changes rivers in their course;
Pregnant oceans, in their travail,
Many a tropic isle brings forth,—
But thou, O, mighty work, of Mightier,—
Ever standing 'neath the glare
Of scorching sun,—unchanged, and changeless,
Grim, and gaunt; sterile, and bare—
What art thou, O, giant mountain?
Why art thou, on Italy's shore?
Relentless, travesty of nature,—
Nations trembling at thy roar!
Wert thou whelped by Prince of Darkness?
Conceived, wert thou, in Hell's damned womb?
Cradled in the arms of Pluto?
A seal of death,—thy mission's doom?
Or, didst some: Plutorian-Fury
Cast thee forth? in Hellish spite!
Blemish-spot, on face of nature,—
As a symbol of Her might?
Snake-like, thou,—thou lynx-eyed Cobra,—
Watching, where, thou may'st despoil—
Casting slime upon thy victims,
Ere thou crush them in thy coil!
Hypocrite,—seeming,—slumberous reptile,—
Seething, sinuous, molten hell!
Bellowing forth in wanton laughter,—
Direful dirge, as funeral knell!
All the ages,—worlds,—and systems,—
Cannot quench thy thirst for life;
Nor the love of all the angels,
Harmonize thy inward strife.
Cities, buried 'neath the spittle,
That thy venom vomits,—are
As grain of sand, to boundless ocean,—
To, worlds, and systems,—nebulous star.
Yet, Vesuvius! I, do not fear thee!
Fear thee? God's gift,—answers: No!

Though thy hellish, pent-up passion,
Makes thy sides, rock to, and fro.
For, my soul transcends the vengeance
Of thy Fury! Of thy sea
Of molten lava! Thou can'st not make it
Bow the head, nor bend the knee.
Neither did the Romans fear thee!
In the ages that are past;
'Neath the bosom of thy ashes,—
Erect, and dauntless, to the last,—
Stands the Sentinel of Pompeii,—
Monument of thy base lust,—
Hand on sword, unsheathed, and ready,
To reply, with Roman thrust!
Ages pass,—and, yet the ages
Roman courage canst, erase!
Fleshless bones,—and eyeless sockets,—
Hurl defiance in thy face!

Feb. 12, 1907.

The Wind

The wind,—in his riotous anger,
Was howling, 'round gable and eave;
And, demon-like, venting his passion
On those, he first sought to deceive.

His coming, was prince-like, and gentle,—
As he softly caressed the bright flowers,
While they bent their fair heads to do homage,
As he roved through their sweet-scented bowers

The sun cast its rays down benignly,—
And smiled as he wended his way
Toward twilight's bewildering castle,—
To rest 'neath the mantle of day.

A soft, fleecy cloud, in the azure
Soon lazily floated near by;
When, the wind, with a harsh note of passion,
Sprang up, with an impatient sigh,—

As if he resented the coming
Of the cloud, in such indolent way;
And fiercely he flew at her,—tearing
A piece from her garments of gray.

She tried to evade his endeavor,
As he held her in passion's embrace;
While his voice, grew louder and shriller,
As they swiftly went whirling through space.

He, held her,—and madly caressed her,
When, like unto magic, was born
Their offspring,—who struck him with lightning
But the wind, only laughed him to scorn.

And he tore the sweet flowers, he so lately,
Had kissed with such amorous love;
He broke off their heads: and their petals
He hurled at the thunder above.

The bright tinted leaves on the tree tops,
That had quivered with love's happy sigh,
At his coming,—he snatched from their parents,
And ruthlessly flung them on high!

He laughed, and he shrieked like a demon,
As he flew at the desolute trees,
And twisted and tore down the branches
He'd bereft of their beautiful leaves.

He laughed, and the shrieked like a vampire
Whose vengeance of years had found vent;
He tore down the streets like a madman:
Leaving destruction wherever he went.

Down alleys, o'er housetops, 'round chimneys
He swooped,—like devils possessed;
Like monarch triumphant, he speeded,
On, on, never stopping for rest.

The cloud looked angry and sullen,
When she saw the wild-havoc, he'd made,
And, in tones of loud thunder, commanded
His course, and his purpose, be stayed!

But in vain, were her threats,—oft repeated
From her thunderous throat, and in vain
Were the scourging, she gave him with lightnings,
As she lashed him again, and again!

The sun, hid his face in her bosom,—
And with words of compassionate love,
He showed her the rainbow of promise,
He had placed in the heavens above.

Her heart filled with grief to o'erflowing,
As it warmed in his comforting ray;
She burst into tears of repentance,
And wept all her anger away.

The wind, still stubborn and furious,
Veered round as her tears struck his face;
He jostled and shook her tremendous,—
Nor slackened his curbless pace.

And, when his tumultuous passion,
Had spent its tempestuous force,
He murmured, and muttered, and gibbered,—
Like a desert-crazed man in his course.

Still gibbering, and muttering, and murmuring,
Like an untamed beast in his lair,—
He vaulted the clear sky of heaven:
And went, Oh! who can tell where?

Spring

There's a quaint, pungent purpose, in the quiet spring eve-tide,
When nature, all pregnant, prepares to give birth
To her various forms; of shade, and of coloring,
That starts from the womb of old mother earth.

She is teeming with moods—one moment she's fretful,
The next, she is languorous—laden with smiles,
While the next, and the next, she is weeping most madly
At Sol—casting rays, her tears to beguile.

Her voice all a-quiver with silence,—deep silence,
That tremblingly vibrates from the earth to the sky,
In nameless, low music, that throbbingly pulsates
To notes born of heaven, for angels to vie

With each other, in chords of harmony, blending.
From seraphim harps, whose strains we oft hear,
As we lift the dark veil from the psychical center,
And vision us, loved ones, like phantoms, draw near.

It warms up the heart, and gladdens the bosom
Of nature,—responsive to each vibrant note,
Ushering in the sweet sounds to birds of bright plumage,
Re-echoing back—from each tiny throat.

Her vassals, redundant, awaken from sleeping,
And in rhythmical waves leap to bud, and to bloom;
Expressing their joy of life, in thanksgiving,
By casting abroad their subtle perfume.

Temptestuous spring! in whose lap the snow-flake
A moment,—'tis gone,—with a tear and a sigh,—
Fragile crystal from heaven, lost! lost! in the drift-wood
Of earth, in whose bosom it nestled to die.

Its tear dews the faces of crocus and Mayflower,
That spring from the dust, and ashes, and soil,
Intermingled with blood, of primeval races,—
That wind 'round their roots in serpentine-coil.

Oh! the spring is a Sphinx, transmitted from ashes,
And debris of nature, whose lust, in its craze,
Buds and blossoms her off-springs to beauty,—and fruitage,
Then wantonly withers, and slowly decays.

Oh, Earth, Mother Earth, where dwells all your children,
That for aeons of ages, you've forced into bloom?
Eternity's vastness has fashioned a paradise,
Replete with all these—and yet—there's still room.

April 26, 1909.

June's Wooing

I sat in the lap of nature,
This beautiful spring day,
And watched young june, come wooing,
Our fair, and winsome May.

Who was dressed in garb, so beauteous;
In shades of living green,
Bedotted o'er with violets,
And daisies in between,

Her veil of azure blueness,
Sunkissed and tipped with gold;
Reflected back her beauty,
In each soft, shimmering fold.

A Venus in her loveliness,
Voluptuous in her charms,
As June, bold June, came wooing
And clasped her in his arms.

He cast away, the lilacs
She had worn, with regal grace,
And crowned her queen of roses,
As he kissed her smiling face.

May 31, 1909.

Autumn Shadows

Purple glows the autumn sunset,
On the hills,—the vale and trees,—
Making lights of sapphire,—glinting
Out across the mellow leas.

Amber-tints, with gold and emerald,
Blend in harmony, and grace,—
Making iridescent shadows,
Sparkle through ethereal space.

Cloud-land borders, catch translucent
Flashes,—as they ripple by,—
And with majesty of purpose,
Decorate the evening sky.

Sept. 17, 1907.

An Invocation

Touch, our hearts, with Finer Feeling;
Let it breathe of Love divine;
Let it through the march of ages,
Interweave and intertwine.

All the thoughts; of all the sages,—
All the heart-throbs of the race,
Let it leave its softening reprints
On the contour of each face.

Let the dawn of the Millennium:
Flash it through the open door—
Filling up the hearts of people,
Brimming full,—and running o'er.

And, like perfume of the flowers,
Let it rise to heights unseen,—
Linking hearts and hands together,
With the souls that live between.

And in converse with the angels,
Let it be the falling showers,
That, will brighten up our pathway,
Like the dewdrops on the flowers.

Let it be the inspiration,
That, will move the world in mind,
And, with gentle ministration
Join the hearts, of all mankind.

Nov. 17, 1909.

Old Year

We can not say Good Bye.

Old Year, we will not say "good bye,"
We'll only say good night;
For every scene you've brought to view
Will live in memory's sight.

The birds that nestled in your bowers,
And sang their sweetest notes,
Returning in the May-time, bring
Your music in their throats.

The crocus and the daffodil,
Will bloom again, a-new,
In old-time coloring and perfume.—
Breathing sweet thoughts of you.

The May-flower, too, that lifts its head
In modesty and grace
Beneath the spring-snows, will whisper, us,
Of your fair, smiling face.

The little violets' eyes of blue,
Caressing fragrant breath,
In subtle waves, sing voiceless songs:—
Old Year! there is no death!

The lilacs, and the roses, too,
Declare, in regal pride
Of loveliness: "We decked Old Year
Last summer, as a bride."

When meeting with our friends again,
Beneath the Temple's shade
Of Lily Dale oft will appear
The friends that we have made.

And, as we walk from place to place,
Through leafy grove and lane,
Memory will bring us face to face
With thee, Old Year, again.

Anon, in memory's corner lot,
A grave, with head-stone set,
Appears, as grief of thee, Old Year!
Then how can we forget?

In grief and pain, or gladsome mirth—
In all we do or say,
Old Year, you'll still walk by our side
In memory every day.

We'll give glad welcome to the New,
As you press her infant lips
In oneness of a course complete;
Clasping her finger tips:

In hail! All Hail! to New! to Old!
Let joy and love be thine!
Ring in, old bells, ring in glad songs,
"Of the days of auld lang syne."

Ring out the Old; ring in the New!
Let notes clang loud and high,
Exultantly! Old Year, good night!
We cannot say "Good bye."

Dec. 18th, ,909.

God's Four Bequests

Oh! Mother Nature! Thou gavest me Form,
Instilled with Energy, and Life,
For purpose, vast,—I know not, why?
Perhaps for naught, but Toil, and Strife.

Oh! Love, Divine! Thou, gaves't me power,
To feel, to sense, to understand
Thy thrilling, vibratory waves,
At touch of lips, at clasp of hand.

And Thou! Oh, Death! Thou, gaves't me, what?
A yawning grave,—a cup of lees,—
A path of loneliness,—all Alone,—
An aching heart,—Thou! gaves't me these!

Oh! Angel friend! What is thy gift?
To her, who walks this Isle,—apart!
"We give thee messages, of Peace,
And, Hope, to Balm, thy aching heart."

—Feb. 22, 1909.

Transition in Nature

The Autumn leaves are falling, the winter winds are calling;
You can hear their echo murmur in the blast;
You can feel their cold caresses in the sunset, as it blesses
Lingering beauties of the summer, that is past.

Oh! their frosty, icy kisses! not a leaf, nor foliage misses!
You can see their impress left in gleams of gold,
Shading out into the crimson, in tender streaks and winsome,
Coquetting with the brighter tints, and bold.

The barren trees are groaning; the restless sea is moaning,
As the Autumn leaves go whirling through the air
In desperate endeavor to link themselves together
In endless chain of quivering despair.

With the sobbing and the sighing, you would think all nature dying;
That her last sad days were drawing to a close;
That Death, the mighty slayer, destroyer, and decayer,
Sings: "'Tis finished;" But remember, "Christ arose"

The Poet's Crown

Oh! World of Song! Oh! Poets' Age!
That beats its breast, in Tuneful lay
Of Sunset, sinking in the west,
To ripen, in the new-born day!

Whose, blushing beauties, softly flow
With perfume from each shrub, and flower;
Whose glorious dawn, doeth make amends,
For yester-night's, long, gloomy hour.

I see its sunlight, faintly gleam,—
Dimly afar,—to vast unknown,
Mysterious,—Vapory Edifice!
Imagination's Fairy Zone.

Where, Teraphins, held open Court,
In Thesaurus,—whose Theme of love,
Is garlanded, for Poet's Crown,—
Insignia-ed, with a Burnished Dove.

I catch the music of the stars,
As, one, by one, the rhythms roll,
In twinkling drops of melody,
To deepest recess, of my Soul.

And, from their symphonies, Oh! God!
I feel responsive to Thy Will,
Whilst, pulse, and heart in union beat
To Thine own Anthem: "Peace be Still."

Feb. 16, 1910.

Lest We Wither

We beseech Thee, Oh! Gacious host! to environ us in Wisdom's glorious Mantle, and bewilder us not, in Thine Infinite Ways, which seemeth more intricate, as onward we press in search of Thy governing influence! We ask Thee to disembowel Thyself of knowledge,—that we may not repine in longing for soul sustenance, and wither, in intensity! Oh! Regulator, and Adjustor of Divine Imortalism! We seek the flow of Thy fountain Source; and, claim our own, as ones of thirst,—for greater knowledge. Divine our intent,—and speed us the Cause-way, of Thy approach! Dismantle, and show us greater vision!

Nov. 23, 1909.

The Soul's Sight

I seem to catch the Living spark,
That re-unites, the friends of yore,—
It trembles,—flickers,—then is gone;
Returning brighter, than before.

And, by its rays, I catch a glimpse,
Of lofty hills,—of meadows,—green,
All dotted o'er with ghite, and gold,—
And sparkling waters,—in, between.

* * * * * * *

The Fountain flood, of Thought, is there,—
Beyond the Vale,—Beyond the Sea
Of Immense Concourse; and a wave
of Inspiration, flows to me.

May 8, 1908.

Obedient to the Master's Call

The Laurel-crowned Brow.

(Dedicated to my friend, Miss Cornelia Phelps.)

Passed on, to higher realms,—through God's tributary—Love—
The elemental stream-tide; transfusing souls to Heaven,—
Where Seraphs sing, in Trefoil clusters,—to Tribune,
The Anthems—holy—set apart by God, for Maiden, Shriven.

Beneath the dome of heaven,—the angels found her,—
Bearing the Martyr's-cross,—that none might fall
In deep Abyss—Temptation's warring—
Calmly, serene,—awaiting the Master's Call.

Laurel-crowned,—she stands,—by Angel hands,—bedecking,—
Luting forth sweet songs, in Unison's accord
Of God's own Alter-strains,—of Vestal greeting—
(Blending, with the virtues of her life—Obedient)
Finding Central solace—and compensate reward.

Feb. 25, 1910.

The Soul's Compensation

A message from Ma., to her friend.
—John Henry Titus.

Thy zeal, and endeavor, is mighty
To welcome the power, of sweet song,
That angels are singing thee nightly,
On zephers that ripple along—

In tune to the Infinite working,
Of Love, and Con-cordant desire,
In whose Surges, thy soul is now struggling,
In earnest, and honest aspire.

The springtime, will bring thee sweet budding,—
The summer will blossom them, fair,—
The autumn, will ripen the fruitage,—
The winter, will rob thee of Care.

Feb. 25, 1910.

Spiritual Chivalry

Like Cameo, in setting,
Immobile is the face,
Of Stoic, in forgetting,
The insults of his race.

Indifferent, to the Plaudits,
Over Victories—won;
For praise, or blame, he Audits
The same,—to every one.

He smiles on none,—in favor,—
But, drinks his Hemlock-tea,—
Smacking his lips, at flavor,—
Knowing his soul is free!

Feb. 25, 1910.

Hark! I hear the music
Of the silence---zepher-fanned,
By Seraph wings---responsive
To the touch of angel's hand

The Halley Comet

GOD'S LOVE IN SCENIC POWER

'Tis the Beautiful Gallery of God

There's a calm, placid lake, in the valley
That reflects the stars in the sky,
As they twinkling, convene to do homage
To the queen of the night, sailing by;

Whose gossamer-robes, like a mantle
Of Changeable silver, and gold,
Channels God's dense fields of formation,
Embracing them all, in its fold;

To galaxy them, in the valley
As background, for scenic display,
Mirrored, deep, in the lake's placid waters,
Miniatured, from the Infinite way.

The moon in her pale, golden splendor,
Scenographically shines from her bower
Of stars,—knotted closely together
In etching, of Absolute power.

Whilst the trees,—like Sentinels standing,
Satellitious, appear in the deep,
Quiet waters, that spectre their image,
As they,—their silent watch keep.

And, the Soul of the Universe whispers,
To the hearts of the lilies, that nod,
Supernatant, on waters thus miraged,—
'Tis the Beautiful Gallery of God.

May 18th, 1910.

My Heart's Lament

I cannot soar; they hold me bound
In chains of iron,—set with steel—
They will not let my heart respond
To subtle joys my soul doth feel,—
When linked, in universal law
To Rapture's bond- of-love, that o'er
My being sweeps,—in pulsing chimes,—
That echos from some distant shore.

* * * * * * *

My Soul's Reply

Oh! heart, of mine! that beats and throbs
In tune to all,—in tune to God;—
Responsive to the angel's call,—
For getful of the coarser clod.
Oh! heart, of mine! Why wilt thou mourn,
And cover up the tears ye weep—
In silent grief of love reviled?
Go, thou! with angels—room the deep
Immensity of space,—and find
The holy light of sacred things.
And draw the music from the heart
And harps of love, 'thine angel sings.
Go! weave it into web of life—
For coarser metal,—common clay,—
And common fount,—where common minds
Refresh their thoughts, from day, 'to day.
Go! soar alone, to Pisgah's heights—
And dream,—and muse of love that died
For want of soul responce—and kind—
Withheld! Rejected! Crucified!
Nor, wail lament, of Discord's band,
Whose cruel note, so often rings
In recess, deep, of Sacred haunts
Of Thine;—but soar to higher things;

And close thine ear to harsher notes,
Whose music grovels in the dust,—
To swell the praise of meaner minds,
And Satiate their greed for lust.

July 23, 1909.

The Wonderous Light

Through the purpled fawn, of the coming dawn,—
Through the darkness,—and despair
Of the passing night,—there gleams a Light,
Whose rays, are wonderous fair!

Prismatic hues of evening dews,
Ne'er shown so bright as they
That come from bars, amongst the stars,
Down through the Milky-way.

They're notes of love, sent from above
To a heart,—whose voiceless prayer,—
Through the weary years, of toil and tears,
Have reached the Angels, There.

Feb. 10, 1909.

My Soul's Vision

Ah! when, in sweet repose I lie,
I seem to see that Distant Shore.
I see the lights, all gleaming bright,
On, on, still farther on, and o'er

The vast expanse of infinite,—
Whose, glittering brightness dazzles me,—
Bewildering all my moral sense.
Still, with my soul's eyes, I can see

Resplendent in the firmament
Of other worlds,—of other lands,
All my ideals miniatured,—
And peopled by angelic bands;

Whose Melody, but stirs the air
As softly, as the dew-drop's fall;
Enrapturing Perception's sense—
Enfolding me in glorious thrall.

Aug. 22, 1907.

The Soul's Unrest

Oh! the weary unrest, and the longing,—
The Something without name;
The passionate, inward calling,
That burns like a living flame.

The heart-throbs, and the pulse-beats,—
The desire, that fills my Soul,
Surging through me, like a torrent,—
As its feverish billows roll.

Unseen—unknown—undreamed of—
And, yet it fills my life,
With shadowy hopes, of a shadowy bliss,
Made up, of—love?—or, strife?

I cannot catch its meaning,
I only know it 's there,—
And, that here, and now, and always,
Its presence, I must bear.

Sept. 18, 1908.

A Promise

Deny me not, and thou shalt see,
The Wonders of Immensity;
Search deep into thine in-most soul,
And thou wilt find the hidden goal;

Remove the rubbish of the years,
Cemented with most bitter tears,
Where pride, and passion, have held sway,
Debarring out, the light of day;
Look deep, amongst the Ruins,—find!
A generous love, for all mankind;
And, e'en as thou shalt love them, all,
I'll answer to thy lightest call.
Arise! Walk forth! from out the gloom,
Of Self-hood's Individual room!
And, thou shalt find thy soul's desire,
With Watch-word, Higher! ever Higher!

July 5, 1906.

Love vs. Mind

The fret, and the fever, of living,
Lies more in the Mind, than the Fact;
It is Selfish desire, that fuels the fire,
And keeps a man on the rack.

Oh! Love, is the Key to Contentment,
If you only know, just where it lies;
It will pass you, each day, along the high-way,
That leads to the Heavenly skies.

And, the world will grow brighter, and better,
As farther you journey it through;
The flowers will look rarer, and fairer,
When seen from the Right point of view.

The rugged, and jagged, old Pathway,
Will teem with a foliage, bright,
If you just jog along, with a smile, and a song,
A-Thinking, and Doing, what's Right.

Dec., 1908.

Thy Lover's Smile

The tide will turn, and thou wilt be
Buried, in deep immensity
Of former Verse, of former Lore,
Grasping life's problems more, and more,
As on ye press, in rythmic strain;
Sensing the music, o'er again;
Catching each note, that rolls along
On tremulous waves, of ether song,
Until it blends in Infinite
Expression, and is lost to sight,
And sense of mortals on this plane.
Till reflex action, once again
Returns them, softer than before,
To sweep-chords of thy being o'er,
And thou shalt sound the sweetest notes,
That thrills in fairest Seraphs's throats.

* * * * * * *

Thy Muse is silent ,for awhile,
Abandoned to thy Lover's smile.

Love's Passion Power

It lures me, with the old-time charm,
Cleaving me 'round like living-flame,
Wind fanned-absorbing all my sense
Of duty's debt—of honor's name.

In subtle mists of wistfulness
It shadows me,—in sweet-alarm;
Still, tranced within my lover's clasp,
I feel no fear, I fear no harm.

I dream no dream of future fame.
I live, a-wakened, to the Now—
My soul, a-thrill, with melody
From echoes of my lover's vow.

The night-winds fan my fevered cheek
In vain, to make my blood run slow;
The falling dews, my face en-moist
As aftermath—of passion's glow,

That burns in shimmering noon-tide beams,
Through avenues of throbbing-heart,
Until I pulse, in every vein,—
My Love, and I are One in part.

April 20, 1910.

The Soul's Trem-u-lo's

E'en though, my friend, we never met,
My soul hath found a bliss complete,
In silent converse with thy soul,
And, as the days, and years unroll,
Enlargement of mind, takes place
In understanding. And the face
Of mother-nature glows, and blooms
In richer beauties. And her glooms
Dispersing, leave no trace of Death;
Or dank, or foul, or darksome breath
To wither flowers, that ofttimes spring
From soul, to soul, in Offering.

May 26th, 1909.

Life

Casted on the sea of Individual Motion;
Storm-beaten, Tempest-tossed. Our Bark borne along
By currents, Emotional; and Self, the devotion,
To sound the Vast Depths; be they right,—be they wrong.

Drifted, to shores, whose calm, shows but dimly,
Through waters, etherian, the Quick-sands of Life,
Strewn with fragments of wreckage, whose Griefs, hidden thinly,
But sings us this prelude: "Gone down in the strife."

Out from the deeps of our Soul's Quickened centre—
Mystic, euphonius! Hope breathes with a smile,
The incense of Virtue, that Conscience had lent her;
Life's sorrows to comfort—life's faith to beguile.

Gladly our Bark turns to leave the sad Memories—
The meteor sparks, that had led it on shoals—
Made up of false Joys, false Hopes, and her phantasis,
That in myriads loom up to allure human souls.

Absolved by the tears of our soul's Inner Fountain—
With Hope as a Pilot, through channels of grief—
Argosyies laden with faith,—and undoubting,
That Love, the Christ-spirit, would crown us in peace.

Back! we turn back, to the limitless Ocean!
The fathomless ocean, whose currents of life,
Will take us to Christ, through the wreck-age, and drift-wood
Of Self, and the echoes: "Gone down in the strife."

Feb. 15th, 1907.

My Heart's Appeal

To, Mine Other Self.

Oh! Soul, of mine! Oh! other Self!
Thou hast closed the gates of Heaven, to me,
Whilst in mistaken attitude
Of mind—and—love—Thou holdest the key '

From out mine reach of thought—and glimpse—
Which grieves me, sore,—making me long
More eagerly—my search pursue—
For Holy Grail,—of sacred song,

That lies within enchanted gates
Of Heaven; custodians, of Angel's—'round
To watch,—and guard the Symbol,—rare,—
That breathes response—when sought—and found

By earnest ones—Ensconced—in
The niche of God's own Altar fire—
Of love—of truth—of ardent growth—
That those may quaff—in fond aspire—

The deathless passion of their soul—
The nectar—sweet—from Love's abyss—
Enchanted bowl—of crimson red,
Whose roseate beams, the Christ didst kiss

At 'last, sad supper of the earth—
And Drunk the blessings—of his race—
That, sparkling flows—in lambient gleams—
And Phantom forms, o'er nature's face.

I cry, me out! Oh! Other Self!
Unloose the gates, of God, for me!
That I the sacred zones may reach!
That with Soul-vision, I may see

The sunrise wings—of angel mould—
That points the way to mystic bowl—
Unchallenged—as the rippling brook
Of love—that sculptures out the Soul—

In statues—perfect, of desire—
And noble deeds, of strength—made bold
By suffering—and by sacrifice.
I urge Thee Psyche—not, withold

Thy power—of goodly company—
To me—Thy Other self—and kind,
Embrace! and open up the gates!
That I the Holy Grail, may find!

For greater far—my thirst—than Thine!
Though Thine the power to command!
I grant ye, Yea! But smite ye, not!
With power—God 'trusted to Thine hand—

Render me, forth! mine heritage!
Of jewels bright! Of crown of gold!
Nor ease thy mind, with little pence,
As Judas,—when the Christ was sold!

Thou slayest me—with grief—and pain!
And rod of love! that clings to Thee!
In swaying motions! of my Soul
Made Tempest! by the Inward Sea,

Of deep emotions! of a kind—
That brings me none—or little rest—
Until Thou lift me up in heart,—
And say: "Thou art worthy of thy quest!"

* * * * * * *

(The Answer.)

The Pinnacle of Heaven, gleams.
Across the gate-way of my Soul,
In splendor's vision; and I dream
The flash is come, from living bowl;

Whose nectar, gods, do sip in bliss—
Exceeding Joy—of floodings—deep—
From heart of Creatures, clad with wings
Of rose-red sparkle,—and, I sleep.

July 27, 1909.

A Vision

I can see a century rising, o'er the hill-tops, from afar—
Vapory-mists of roseate splendor, in its folds; a Purple Star.
On it comes, so slow,—but surely, moving onward o'er the vast
Expanse of mighty ages,—crowding down the Olden-past.

With her wanton ways, and crudeness, of a knowledge, just begun,
When the Hand of Time, but fondled Wisdom as a New-born-son;
When the Light of coming centuries, shone spasmodic, o'er the world—
While Eruptive-nature's bosom swelled to torrents, e'er it hurled

Giant forces, o'er the nations,—smothering pride, and pomp, and show,
From the hearts, whose fiery-furnace fanned them into fiercer glow;
Crowding out the old-time sadness,—bringing in the new-found joy;
Happy as a child, a-clasping, to his breast, a longed-for-toy.

Crowding out the old-time madness, of the Nations' Meanest Craze—
Crowding out the Hell and Heaven, of Old Antedatal days;—
Bringing in the Christly Promise, of a Place where all is bliss;—
Not, a Special place, but Timal, a little further on, than This.

What to us, are all the Sexes? What to us, is Male? Female?
Out beyond the glimpse of mortals,—where the finer forces meet,—
Where the senses oft commingle,—making life a heaven complete;—
Involution evoluted,—functioned on a higher scale—

We, who feel exalted ardor, from the perfume floating by;
We, who sense Divine-instillment at the Glances of the Eye;
There no glamour blurs the vision,—There, no frenzied acts—regret!
Final causes! ultimatum! There, no tired brains a-fret.

There, no weary hearts are aching,—laden down with love that died—
Falsifying—unrequiting—There, no Christs are Crucified.
But, above the dust of ages,—on the Pinnacles of Truth,
Where the Laws of Love's equator, brings us back, our vanished youth.

Make the blood of age, a—tremble, with the pulses of the spring,
Beat to fuller Note, and Purpose,—like a brid on soaring wing.
Oh! I see the Centuries rolling,—In a vaster form than This—
Finer Atoms—Spirit—Matter—In one Soul—embracing Kiss.

Why should we reget the Passage, of the years of Mother-Time?
When a change means Soul-progression, in a vaster,—grander Clime!
Where, the soul is cramped no longer—struggling on, from day to day;
Counting Time by Labor-sweat-drops,—hampered by this Clod of Clay.

Where; the freedom of people grows, by Aspiration's fire!
Soars the mind! the thoughts! the purpose! upward! onward! higher! higher!
Self is Soul,—and Soul is self; no more War between the Two—
Love, the Basic force—and Dominant,—ever Birthing Something New.

In her spiral course, and conduct,—in her march along the line
Of Eternity's vast pathway, through the halls, of endless time,
Intellectual Seas of Radium, Inspirational Seas of Love,—
Sweeping through the hearts of people, from the Fountain source above—

Where, the Truth,—Divine's ambition—Pleiadic, ever rise;
Upward,—onward,—forward,—ever—till it reaches Paradise,—
And the Centuries rolling forward,—from a Field of broader range,—
Making people Altruistic,—Worship at the Shrine of Change.

* * * * * * *

Purple glows the star of wisdom;—dawning through the mist of night—
Shining o'er the brow of Ignorance, through the mellow, molten light
Of the Centuries,—coming, slowly, coming surely, Reeked in Truth,—
Dripping, ghastly dews, from Heaven, o'er the Minds of Unborn youth.

As an Earnest, of the Cosmic, that must revolutionize—
Realization! standing, couchant, just before their eager eyes.
Rocks, insensate, that will pulsate,—as they watch the Quickening Stones—
We, in Spirit,—Pleonastic,—Laughing at our Bleaching bones.

April 5, 1909.

My Bark of Life

Over Life's Tempestuous Ocean,
Swiftly speeds my Bark of Life,—
With her sails unfurled,— and fluttering—
In the breeze of Toil, and Strife.

On her pennons, fluttering wildly
To each breeze,— flecked with foam—
Dimly seen through mist,— and vapor—
Just these words: "I'm Going Home."

Though, the sea of life be stormy—
Strewn with rocks, and set with shoals;
I am nearer the supernal,—
As each billow, onward rolls.

Though, my bark be bruised, and battered
On the rocks,—by winds, and tides,—
I shall reach the port, called Heaven,—
For the Angels, are my guides.

They, will pilot me in safety,
To that Land of pure delight,—
Through the morning—through the noon-day—
Through the darkness of the night.

They will lead me to the portals
Of my Home, beyond the skies,
Where, dear friends, for me are waiting
With out-stretched hands,— and love-lit eyes.

In that land of angel promise—
In that land where all is day,
I will be a welcome member,
"When the mists have rolled away."

July 16, 1907

Just Beyond

Just Beyond, the "Stygian River,"—
Where "Dark Shadows," cease to roll,—
Where ecstatic, rapturous music
Thrills, and fills thy longing soul,—

There, thy Spirit, often wanders,—
On the borders, of It's Shore;—
Sensing glimpses of a beauty,
That enchants thee, more,—and more,

As its vision, vague,—elusive,—
Tries to catch the Conscious mind;
Leaving fragments of its imprint,
Faintly—dim— and undefined.

July 5, 1906.

The Lifted Shadows

Lines to Mrs. Irene Bailey.

An angel came My Way; and paused to speak,
As though a message sent from God, to her, was given,
To bless and comfort me; one autumn day:
Opening up the avenues, that lead to "greater heaven."

The glory of her soul Rayed through her limped eyes—
As tranced, she stood in gaze; while from her heart there flowed
A God-tide Love,—which lighted up the sky's
Reflectings on my Spirit: In molten streams,—that glowed

Like living flames of light; whose transcendental gleams
Penetrated through each recess of my soul's drear shade,—
Lifting the shadows—drifting out, and across
The rugged, uneven lines; life's pilgrimage had made.

Lily Daly, Oct. 7, 1909. May Morse-Burke.

A Wandering Soul

Wanderer, Thou! Through Eternity's vastness!
Wandering oft, as ye journey along—
How the fair Heavens, can smile so serenely,
And gaze on the miseries of Earth's sorrowful throng.

See! Oceans, of Nothingness, teeming with nothingness—
Fashioned by nothingness, bounded by space—
Out in the Unknown Forever! and, ever!
A Charydis Thyself! in the Maelstrom's mad race!

Go back to Earth! in thy search after knowledge,
Seek it in Hovel! in Palace! in Street!
Solve Thou! the problem, throughout all earth's acreage,
Why, Hell's gall, is so bitter? Love's nectar, so sweet?

Thou! profoundly erratic! Sublimely estatic!
To soar, to such heights, in thy Soul's earnest quest!
Lost in the mazes, of magnetic hazes—
Transcending the Laws, in thy zeal, and thy zest!

Jan. 12, 1907.

Love's Touch

Once,—in the golden glory of my youth—
Love (Passion's Queen) came passing by;—
She smiled,—and smiling, left within my heart
A sweet,—sad memory,—that will never die!

She touched the brow of One—and, seeming—
Left the imprints of Nobility there:
A look of candor, in his eyes, she pressed.
And glory crowned the waves of auburn hair.

I gazed into the "windows of his soul,"
And saw, or, thought I saw, the light of Truth.
I worshiped at his shrine, and on the altar, laid—
An incense,—the purity of my virgin youth.

Ambition came, and, in his train he brought
The low browed-visaged—Envy—dressed
In garb,—befitting her station; and her mein.
With aspirations suiting Self, the best.

He kindled Other flames; making of Love,
And Faith, and Hope, One funeral-pyre.
I, heard the tortured cries—I, left the writhing throes—
I, saw in turn, each one, in agony expire.

Groveling in the Dust and Ashes, of their ruins—
Submerged,—my spirit, in seas, Plutonian, of despair!
No Cha'ron waiting! to ferry me across the River!
The purity of my Golden youth, lies buried, buried! there.

—Jan. 13, 1907.

My Soul's Struggle

I bow the head, and bend the knee,
To greater force—to greater clime—
That draws me o'er the unknown sea
To future bliss—to realms sublime.

I free me not from Serfdom's claim;
I journey on to reach the goal
Of life,—of love, that God alone
Transposes to my weary soul.

I gleam the light, through mist, and dark—
I feel its rays, through tangled, dank
Confusing webs; that break my speed,
And oft my weary soul has sank

In deep despond, whose poisonous waves
Lash fiercely 'round my lone retreat,—
Engulfing me in seas of dread,—
Submerging me in dire defeat.

With faint hope left, I struggle on,
Bewildered—dazed—while, yet the more
I struggle on, the waves uplift
In fiercer frenzy, than before,—

Lapping the fountain of my faith,
To cold, and dry, and stony bed—
While, with one long, despairing cry!
I wish to God! that, I were dead!

July 13, 1909.

Reciprocity

It thrills me with a love, so deep,
That angels listening,—fall asleep—
To catch, in dreams, the waves of bliss
That catch, in dreams, the waves of bliss

That float, from soul's enraptured kiss,
I sense the presence—feel the touch—
That ether waves have borne along,
Across the sun-kissed hills, and vales;
Embracing perfume, in their song,
From flowers—from trees—from beauties glance,
As offering of the homage—tried—
And pure, and holy cause, of one
Whose memory brings a lofty pride
In friendship's name; In love's consent,
Which ever way my thoughts are bent.

July 22, 1909.

In the Heart of a Rose

We lived,—one night,—in the heart of a rose—
We drunk, of its perfume, sweet—
My love, and I,—as soul, met soul
In the joy of a bliss, complete.

We sipped of the dew, that fell from the sky—
We bathed in the purple mist
Of the fleecy clouds, whose crimson brow,
The sunken sun, had kissed.

We supped on the nectar of our lips,—
As they essenced, a wanton kiss
O'er the drooping petals of the rose,
That mantled our secret bliss.

We counted the stars, that blinked, and peeped,
To fathom our hiding-place;
We gathered the gleam of silver threads,
As they fell from the moon's fair face.

And, out of the threads, we wove a web
Of mesh to bind us fast
In the subtle charm, of our Soul's-Life pledge,
That Time and Tide can blast.

We laved our souls, in the warm, red blood
Of the rose, whose quickening power
Of love, was only a prelude, to
The grand-passion of the hour.

Ah! we lived, that night, and, we loved, that night,
As we never loved, before—
As we never will, love, as we never can,love,
Should we live, for-ever-more.

For, our hearts pulsated, to one sweet note,
As our souls blent into one
Liquescent glow, of furnace-heat,
From the—Rose—whence love begun.

March 28th, 1910.

The Enchanted Isle

I touched on the Shore of that Tremulous Isle,
Whose glamour of mist, blurs the sight,
Where ravishing waves thrill the heart with a smile,
In billows of rapturous delight;

Whose verdure, and foliage shed subtle perfume,
In voluptuous, languorous song,
O'er votaries of worship, in blissful commune,
With gods of love's mystical dawn.

Like a bright plumaged bird, I sang the full note,
In measures of cadence complete,
Till broken-like strains, in a dying swain's throat,
It murmured of death, and defeat.

The charms of her mirage, have fell from mine eyes,
Like petals of rose, in full bloom;
Wind-shaken,—stalk barren,—looks up at the skies;—
It leaves at the door of the tomb.

Her, Siren-like-spell, I have broken at last;
The bright tinseled cross I've let fall,
While, her mantle of ecstacy, worn in the past,
Now covers my heart like a pall.

Farewell! And farewell! I am sailing away
From the Isle of Enchantment, whose bliss
Is the breaking of fond hearts, for Love's idle play,
Then wafted to—Hell—on a kiss.

August 31st, 1909.

Love's Ship

Thy ship, Oh! Love, that sped away
So gaily, o'er the summer sea,
Is now returning, freighted low!
What do'st she bring to thee?

Her flapping sails are soiled, and rent;
Her prow can scarcely cut its way,
As laborously she heads the port,—
This sun-kissed autumn day.

Have storms, and tides, and ocean's—gale,
Whose billows, dark, with dreadful roar,
And waves foam-crested, hurled thy craft,
'Gainst Alien, rock-bound shore?

* * * * * * *

My ship that sailed away so trim,
So staunch, so seemly true, and strong,
That every breeze breathed sweet caress
And every wave a song;

Got stranded on the shoals of Life,
Where quicksands gleam, like hidden pearl,
Through fog, and mist, and dank sea-weeds,
That hide the vortex's whirl.

Sweet Faith went first, then Joy, then Hope
Were doomed. Helpless I saw them go
Down! down the banks of endless waves!
Their bodies lie below.

My once fair Ship is laden, now,
With saddest Grief, and Pain, for me;
While on her deck, dead! sold! and still!
Lies Shrouded Memory.

September 22d, 1909.

Ideals

I have dreamed of a Temple, platonic,
An 'Idol, I've placed on its throne,
Whom I love, with a love that is greater,
Far greater, than God's for His Own.

I have built 'me a Palace, Ideal,
Peopled by my heart's pictured, form;
Replete with the joys 'of the angels,
And lighted, by Hope's fairest morn.

On the Altar, where Incense is burning,
I 'have laid my womanhood down,
As offering for divine revelation;
I offer, a Cross, for a Crown.

On the altar 'of Love, I have laid it;
'Twas birthed, by Despond, and Despair;
And I've borne it, in silent devotion,
Till it leads me to Palaces, fair!

Builded, out of my own Mind's Creation,
With Longing, and Hunger, and Thirst
For returns of Affection's fair coloring,
That bubbled, and seethed, till it burst

The confines of Duty, that Bound it;
  Soaring out, through limitless Space,
To find its Creative Center,
  Imaged, in your dear form, and face.

Oh! Subtle, the wave, Evolutic!
  Its windings, with shadows o'er-cast,
I've groupingly, feelingly followed,
  And have found Soul 'expression, at last!

April 19th, 1909.

The Souls' Prerogatives

Oh, Master! Power divine! Whence comest thou, 'from source of greater fount? Where wert thine ego, embryod?? In what distillment, and by 'whose fulfillment, and perfectment of nature's laws, wert, formed, that I, should bow the head, and bend the knee, to thy betterment?

In satirical waves, of etherical self'e-abasement, my Spirit roams, to seek thy birthing; whilst yet, its distance 'greater grows, its wondermerit and perplexity. Advance me, to thine Primal-spot, and greet me, for greater 'daring;

Behold me not, in deep submission of thy wanton caring.

* * * * *

Hope faints 'me not, I still pursue
  Thy land, thy clime, thy birthing,
The whilst in bliss, of Love's eclipse,
  Thy secrets, I'm unearthing.

July 1, 1909.

The Soul's Ecstacy in Travail

Unruffled 'calm,—thy brow entwines,
  With power to wound, to kill, to heal,
With weapon that my soul hath lent
  Thy Greater Self; Thou 'can'st but feel

Thy Greater might, thy power, sublime,
That came through aeons, of the years,
Down through the halls of endless Time,
To 'wrest my soul from groundless fears!

To snatch it from a Greater peril!
To check it on its Wild-ascent!
To hold it fast! and catch the flow
Of love, that only God hath lent.

Until 'some greater soul, than thine,
With power to feel, to understand
The subtle pain, (of inborn love)
Will waft me on to rapture's land.

July 6th, 1909.

Bitter-Sweet

Dedicated to Mrs. Sarah L. Annis.

"Sin to desecrate the hearth-stone of a friend?" Whose whole estate,
Lies in waste of desolation, barren e'en of love, or hate?
Product of neglect, to fuel fires of love, that burning low
Into embers, heatless ashes, died, Yes! died, long years ago.

Not a fragment, of the ashes, not an ember left to mar,
Utter smoothness of its level, nothing left, but tiny scar,
As a memory of a fondness, of a folly, weird and quaint,
When I tried my soul to stifle; thinking I was born a saint.

"Robber, thou?" Who is the robber? I, must answer to the call
Of my soul, whose ghostly murmurs echo nightly on the wall;
Turning me upon my pillow, with the tide of love suppressed
By the social curse,—opinion,—by the vileness, finding rest

In the shallow minds, and manners, of the slanderous, murderous mass,
Who establish shrine of virtue, 'midst their rotten, heathen class.
'Midst their hell 'poluted rabble,—seething with profane desire,
Flooding out their carnal vomit, to extinguish soul's afire

With the sacred light of wisdom, glimpsed, and gleaned from nature's laws
Of attunement's potent magnet, that selects Its Own, and draws
Unto self, Its Own in likeness, merged in oneness, like the mist
Rising from the dews of heaven, that Aurora's sunbeams, kissed.

"Legal rights?" "The rights of others?" On the vibratory wave
Of God's breathing, comes this message: "You can never be a slave."
"Break the home?" I catch the meaning! We can never be apart
More than now. We're only drifting; Home is ever in the Heart.

Stranded on the rock, "Indifference;" Ship, gone down in flood of tears,
In whose vortex, ever murmuring; "Hopeless ones can feel no fears!"
Who needs "pity?" not the "fearless." not the "noble," not the "brave,"
Not the one whose "dauntless courage," calls for freedom through the grave!

"Keep believing," What. believing? That the sun will rise, and set?
That the fires of Hell will smoulder, e'er my heart will quite forget
Love's First Passion play in heaven? heart's first soul-embracing kiss?
"Keep believing?" Yes, and feeling; hell were heaven, for only this!

"Angel," I? The cause is Christian; E'en the act be brewed in Hell,
I will quaff the sparkling nectar,—smack my lips,—it tasteth well!
"Bitter Sweet," of gall and wormwood, mixed with all the joys on high!
Pass the Cup, my friend, I'm Thirsty; I would drink again and die!

Aug. 20, 1909.

Justification

That the Universe Should Smile.

Truth over might in contests surging,
  Meets in fray organic foes,
In universal shades of error
  In all spheres—more than man knows.
Fierce be their dual nature's combat!
  Love's war on might lasts but a-while;
For truth and love are born to conquer,
  That, all the universe should smile.

Oft are hearts with Vultures prowling,
  Gnawing, sapping, ceaselessly,
And the dragon, phantom, intense burning,
  Mark hell's imps on inward-prey.
Hell's infernal, wars internal,
  Waged unbidden, meet a-while
Truth and love, in struggle final,
  That, all the universe should smile.

When Love's heart beats break the chrysalis
  Of its soul-mate, pinioned long,
To set free in God's supernal
  Heights, of ether-light and song;
Say, not: "Sin attends the wooing,"
  If pain be, perchance, a-while,
Since, 'tis nature's way of doing,
  That, all the universe should smile.

A dedication to the Author of this book. By John Henry Titus.

July 29th, 1909.

Affinities

A Message From Pa.; Reply to my Question.

Ye shall dream bright dreams, of the coming morn,
Ye, shall balance thy mind with care,
Ye, shall "go thy way, and sin no more"
In the future, bright and fair.

Thy way is laid for a great estate,
In the realms of perfect bliss!
Would ye ruin all, by a base desire?
And a passing lover's kiss?

Thy glass of Life, is rolling 'round,
And Time, in his silent way,
Is turning the mills, of the gods, to grind
The grain, Ye, have reaped today.

So, be wise, and quaff, of the golden fount,
That is proffered thy lips, to drain,—
For, the friends that love—The friends you've proved
Might never, come back again.

Oct. 9, 1906.

Glimpses of Elysian

I glimpsed me, through ether, sweet fields of Elysian,
Whose sun sinks to rest, in a soft, mellow haze,
Of opaline tints,—whose rainbow hues promise
Paths running together,—no, "Parting of Ways."

Sweet Edolon's Isle, where souls link together
In subtle attraction, with thoughts of one Mind;
Ethereal bonds, of friendship, and kinship—
All hearts of a oneness; all Souls of a kind.

Where hearts beat together in peans of gladness,—
Bursting forthe from the Fountain of Love, as it flows
In waves undulating, sparkling, etheric,
In color of emerald, amber, and rose.

I glimpsed me, of flowers whose petals,—transparent
As mirror,—reflected the stars in the sky,
In twinkling, shimmering sheen, so transcendent,
Like smiles,—lighting up the souls, passing by.

I glimpsed me, of Lakes, on whose face, countless millions
Of lights, flashed, and sparked,— as its waves rolled along
In gladsome sweet music, of color a-bubble:
In time, and in tune, to the Angelic throng.

I glimpsed me, of Streamlets, whose liquid contentment,
Of Crystaline-laughter, and jubilant song—
Rang out as each wave, in pebbled-embracement,
Bowed low to the flowers, as they rippled along.

I glimpsed me, of me eadows, moss bound, and flower dotted,
With daisies,—whose faces, white stars, to me seemed,—
A-glitter with fire-flies, whose gossamer sparkle,
Cast tinkling tints, o'er Lakelet and Stream.

I glimpsed in the distance, great hills, so majestic, —
So regal,—so royal,—so kingly with peace;
That my soul seemed to center their hearts, as creation;
Their Bosom, the Palace of heavenly ease.

I glimpsed me, again, of a Tower, in whose shadow
Bright souls,—gladsome faces, with love in their eyes,—
Stood gazing, enwrapped with scene so enthralling,—
While Galvanic sprays fell soft, from the skies.

I looked! and behold—in letters whose coloring
Shone brilliantly bright, o'er the faces of youth,
Intermingled with spray, from fountain celestial;—
These words—just these words:—"The Temple of Truth."

My eyes filled with tears, of holy enchantment.
I closed them—I closed them to shut out the light,
And dry up the tears,—when, I opened them slowly,
My Vision Elysian—had vanished from sight.

June 22, 1909.

Dreams

How often we dream, of Arcadia's beauties—
Bewildering sunsets, of purple and gold—
The blue, of her azure skies forming a canopy
That Artists ne'er penciled; nor Poet e'er told.

Her clear, limpid streams, that sparkle like Dewdrops,—
Making euphonic cadence, as softly, they flow,—
Keeping rhythm to music, that angels are singing,
Enchanting the dreamer with voice soft and low.

The stars seem to listen, to music celestial,
And blink their bright eyes, to shut out the tears,
That, falling, roll on, in rhythmical motion—
Join in,—and are lost in the music, of spheres.

We catch the soft ripples, as floating on ether,
Descending, they fall on our listening Ear,—
Enravishing melody, just stirring the silence
In tremulous waves,—that are felt far and near—

'Tis the Ideal real,—that comes to our vision
In dreams, such as these—while to mortals are given
Enhancement of Soul-sight,—Perception's bright Taper—
That lights, us, a glimpse of our Spiritual Heaven.

Jan.27,1909.

Psyche

Through the paths of eternity's windings,
My soul trod the steeps, and the heights,
In ecstacies great, of its findings
Of truths, whose prismatic lights

Flashed, and sparkled in moments, quiescent,
When, Psyche, with finger upraised,
Would hush the fierce chords, evanescent,
That swept o'er my soul, as it gazed

To pinnacle place, of its caring—
To far reaching points, on, afar,
Through the purple, and azure mists, daring
Her flight, and her vision to bar;

With his knowledge, and wisdom of learning—
With his love of unholy desire,
Indifferent to my soul's fond yearning—
Indifferent to earnest aspire,

Enfolding his azure and purple
Of meshes, so subtle and strong,—
Birthed from thoughts so elastic and fertile,
That she guessed not the right from the wrong,

Till, Psyche, her finger uplifted,
Pointed on, to the summit, in space—
Crowned with crescent of promise, for gifted,
And earnest ones, seeking God's face,

Lighted up with the smiles, gleaming brightly,
Of angelic beings of bliss,
Whose nectar my soul's quaffing nightly
Through eternity's lips, with a kiss,

Fraught with knowledge from wisdom eternal,
That, Psyche, in truth did unroll
To my vision—that angels supernal
Are in touch with my hungering soul.

July 5, 1909.

The Glass of Time

Hope Gone—Resigned.

I look into the Glass of Time.
I see the moving-van of Fate.
'Tis rolling on, toward the Sublime
Ethereal: Wisdom's open gate.

I look into the glass,—and Lo!
I see a troop of Phantom years
Like moving pictures—come, and go.
Some wreathed in smiles! Some bathed in tears!

I see the shores of Long-Ago,
Receding in the distance, vast,
The shadows lift. I feel! I know
A new life dawns! gone, is the Past!

I stand upon the great Divide.
A sense of love, draws either way.
I falter;—turn—and, half decide,
To linger longer!—if I may.

I'll wait awhile! I'll idly dream:
Of Heaven above—and Earth below—
(Like tangled weeds,—a-down the stream)
Unmindful, of Life's current's flow.

May 8th, 1906.

Note.—The above is my first Inspirational Poem. At the time, or day I wrote it, my health was and had been, very poor; Indeed, several doctors had determined that I had Tuberculosis, and that there was no help for me—certainly, I was growing weaker every day,—just waiting for the end of life on this plane of expression. Mrs. R. M. Payne—a Psychic, would come daily, to cheer me with her comforting, Spiritual counsel. On the day referred to as I was lying down—Mrs. Payne, was sitting near—a strange feeling came over me, I felt as if I must Write, "The Small Still Voice" was whispering, me. Mrs. Payne brought me a pencil and paper, and I wrote the above, —a half promise to recover. Mrs. Payne immediately took the pencil and paper,—writing the following message:

Admonition

Portrait to The Glass of Time.

By Mrs. R. M. Payne.

Never turn back! never turn back!
The gates are unhinged for you!
With beacon-lights along your track,
To guide your passage through.

Look up! look up! with purpose, grand—
Nor faint not by the way!
The Healer's Art,—with healing hand,
May yet, prolong your stay!

* * * * *

(HOPE RESTORED.)

Immediately came the following message through my organism:

Sail On! Thou Mighty Ship, of Fate!
Unfurl thy pennons to the breeze!
Thou wanton winds, thy way belate—
Sail On! Sail on! to fairer Seas!

Whose, great expanse of Misty grey—
In vastness,—grows upon thy sight;
Illumined by Phosphorescent spray—
Resplendent as Boreal's light!

Nor, wait awhile,—to idly dream
Of Memories,—cast along the way.
Fantastic visions, now they seem—
Departures of thy closing day.

Note continued: Those of my readers, who understand Spirit control, or, who has acted as medium for Angel Messengers, will understand the condition that both Mrs. Payne, and I were in, while getting those messages. For a long time I had not been allowed to put my hands in water,—taking sponge baths only—however, Mrs. Payne,

arose—under control—went out of the room, returning presently, bringing some ice cold water,—removing the batting that covered my lungs, she dipped her hands into the water, then lay them on my lungs, rubbing me gently, repeating the process, until my breast glowed, and burned with renewed life, and action. My sister—who was taking care of me, at the time, protested, saying, "you are killing her, Oh! Mrs. Payne, you will kill her." My guide, Light Bearer, tells me to do this," Mrs. P. replied. That evening a "Healing Circle" was held in my home, for my recovery. We sat in a dark room without lights —we had not sat very long when Three lights, about the size of silver dollars, were seen to play over by breast and back, shifting from place, to place, as if playing "hide and seek"—remaining for nearly a half hour, disappearing by merging into One; gradually growing smaller, until it went out in a spark. My recovery, dated from that day. It is now, three years since, and I am quite well and strong. I feel that I cannot thank the Angel Messengers enough for their kindly care, and my inspiration, of which I owe to them.

May Morse-Burke.

The Parting of the Ways

The Dawn, is bursting o'er the earth,
Night's mantle, she has thrown
To Fairy elfs, who wing their way,
To the Palace, of the Ghome,

Who haunts the borders, of the shore,
Where Sunset, sinks to rest,
In liquid seas of molten gold,
As he doffs his azure vest.

It is the Parting of the Ways,
Where Light, and Darkness meet,
To go their separate ways, once more,—
Alone, and yet, complete.

April 19, 1909.

To My Wife

Under the spell of her witching glance—
  Under the flash of her wine-brown eyes—
Fathomless orbs—whose rays entrance—
  Like the far-off haze, of Eastern skies,

Where purple, and azure meet, and blend
  In beauteous glimmers—in wavering-rest
Of incompleteness; and, thus do I, feel,—
  As I clasp her wistfully, to my breast—

Holding her there, with hungering love—
  Longing for something I cannot quite name—
As a subtle, invisible, intangible power
  Separates us; 'tis ever the same

I feel—knowing her, mine, and yet, not mine!
  With that subtle something, which keeps us apart!
E'en as I hold her close to my breast!
  Close to my madly beating heart!

She calls it, "Inspiration's Power,"
  Belonging to her, and God, alone;
That none but Angel's hand can touch;
  While I! I, think, her heart is stone!

Dec. 5th, 1909.

Love

Love,—The Essence of the Soul.

Be content, to follow me,
  Through the labryinths of Fate;
Winding in, and out, through life:
  Peace,—and joy,—It's, ultimate!

Seasons past, and yet to come,
Bear their Chalice of deep woe;
None, escape its bitter draught;
All, must taste its ebb, and flow.

Seasons past, and yet to come,
Bear their Dead-Sea Fruit,—of Trust;
In its heart, a seedless core,—
Eaten Out! by Envy's rust.

But, the Tree of Love, will bloom,—
Shedding fragrance everywhere;
Love, will lighten up the gloom!
On Life's Sea of Dark Despair.

Love,—the Essence of the Soul—
Love,—the Perfume of the flowers—
Love,—the Light, and, glorious Truth,
In this Universe of Ours.

July 24th, 1907.

Gethsemane

(A Lesson.)

Seek ye, not, the troubled waters,
Of the earth-life's over-flow,—
Turn thy gaze toward—the uplands—
See thy vague ideals, grow

Into being,—grace, and beauty,
Imaged from thy Soul's desire;
Woven in the loom, of Progress;
Shaped by Aspiration's fire.

Seek ye, not, the idle dreamers—
Seek ye, not, the world's decree—
Seek ye, Honor, Truth, and Justice,—
As did Christ, at, Gethsemane.

Follow out thy wonderous visions,
Given, in the holy hours,
When thou wert in close communion,—
Sensing glimpses of the flowers,

That thy friends, in loving memory,
Brought as tokens of their love;
Fragrant messages, of welcome,—
Gathered from the bowers above.

June 25, 1906.

An Ode to The Hills

Oh! the snow clad hills! Oh! the majesty!
How proud ye stand, against the sky!
Encased in armor of thy God;
Thy heart unseen by mortal eye.
Thy soul is lofty, as thyself—
Aye! loftier! for by the light
Of ages shed adown the past,
Thy God hast ever been the right.
As firm, and calm thou servest Him,
With head uplifted, in repose,
Unswerving in thy faith, doth stand
Enshrined, in everlasting snows.
Oh! grander far, thy faith than mine,
That changes with the years of Time;
Along the march of different trend
Of thought, in different age, and clime:
In lapse of years: He, whom in youth
Was God, of heaven, of earth, of sea—
(A Fearful and a Special God)
Hath drifted far away from me.
Enriched within this place, there dawns
An Essence God, a Universe;
Whose Oneness—Love—exemplifies,
In varied phases,—forms of earth;
Expressing all of nature's moods;
In high accord—in low revile—

In lofty thought—in sodden-brow,
In sorrow's tears—in joyous-smile.
'Tis God, that pulsates o'er the earth—
In every flower—in every tree—
In every living thing that grows—
In Love's response—to thee—to me.
We, are the Gods of our domain!
We, are the Father, and the Son—
The Holy Ghost—the Trinity
As, merged in Being—into One.
We feel the cause; we, see the course
Of Time, as slow on Leaden wings
He soars aloof—(though pinioned down
By sordid minds—by sordid things.)
But, Braver-man, ne'er met a foe,
Than Time,—whose staff but points the way,
To brighter lands,—whose broader range,
Will usher in the light of day.
Sublime thy majesty, Oh! snow-capped hills!
Whose brow, frost-crowned, in diadems
Of God's perfecting, scintillating with truths
Of ages, in thine adamantine grandeur,
And calm serenity of poise;
Impregnable to Emotion's heart-throbs,
And fiery furnace glow:
Keeping aloof, and in tune, to monumental dignity,
Conferred by nature's molding,—
Where sunbeam-kiss of God, a-slant thy brow,
Doth rarify expressions, deep.
Aye! beautiful in awe, inspiring, measure-waves,
Of grand devotion, to the sky;
Whose Ether-blue, enwraps Thee,
As a mantle of glory.
Sublime! Ye, Art! Oh! Hills! In majesty's decorations,
And, stand ye There, Eternally;
As Sentinels of Truth,—the only word of God.

June 23, 1909.

The Archway of Almighty God

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Dedicated, to My Friend— John Henry Titus.

Silent, and lone, Ye stand! Aliens of a different race, and clime!
Wert banished, thou? thy Kingdom? as monuments of Time?
Or, did some war, coeval with thy birth,
Convulse the bosom of thy god's domain,—
Urging him on, to missle thee at foe?
As Goliahs,—of his reign?

Or, wert ye kingdoms of thyself? thy god,—
Whose internal breathings, didst agony proclaim?
And leapt ye forth in space, in travail pairs,
At birth of thy creator's name?

Huge monsters! of a decadence, past!
We comprehend thee not! nor know the reason why,
Or cause, that belched thee hence,—upheaval's majesties,—
As fallen angels, there to lie.

Thou adamantine proof, of wondrous power!
Thy grandeur terrifies the hearts of men
In scope of exaltation; and in Thought's aspire,
Thy muteness, baffles Minds loftiest ken.

Thy silent commune, reveals thee not!
Thy dignity of calm repose, that press the sod
In Herculean clasp, unruffled, sleeps,—
Pulsing, The Arch-way of Almighty God!

The feathery fern, that clings to thee in love,
Determines, us, thy heart is not all stone;
That passion's furnace-fires, still burn, as in the ages past,
Whilst yet to kindred known.

Thine everlasting nature, is unchanged!
As changeless as the Power that placed ye there!
Omnipotent! Omnipresent Spirit! Truth!
We leave ye rocks, to this,—The Father's faithful care.

Nov. 12, 1909.

Note.—The following poem, was inspired by viewing the wondrous, adamantine deposit at Rock City, New York, which has baffled the minds of the world's most eminent Geologists,—being of Alien, mineral composite.

Author.

Accompaniment to Archway of Almighty God

To My Friend.

I knew, my friend, that I had scaled,
The heights of unseen Mount,
And drank the nectar, of the gods,
That flows from Living-fount;
That, hand in hand, and heart to heart,
Our souls, the path-way, trod,
That leads to Wisdom's fair domain:
"The Arch-way" of our God.
And, there, in oneness of aspire—
Our pulses, all aglow
With love, and Infinite desire,
Found, that, which Ye would, know.
And in the presence of divine
Intelligence, we drew
Sweet poesy, from Master minds,
And brought it back to view.
That, Ye, in ecstacies of thought—
With imagery as keen—
Might glimpse the Tidal-waves of Might,
And Flight, that roll between,—
Whilst yet, our souls, sing joyous notes,
In strains, so clear and strong,
That every hour, breathes melody,—
And every day a song.

Nov. 15, 1909.

The Power Behind the Throne

Dedicated, to Dr. S. J. Richardson of Lily Dale, N. Y.

"Tis the power behind the throne, that dwells within
thy temple now."
Thou instrument of God! obedient to the hand
That becks thy soul aloof, in favor of demand,
And stamps the sacred impress of bright angels on thy brow.

It lighteth up the contour of thy citadel; whose fame
Exceedeth man's conception,—exceedeth mortal reach
In mental grasp's reflections! of altrustic speech,—
Entwining wreaths of olive leaves, and laurels, rare above thy
name.

Oct. 9, 1909.

To Odeon

Thou canst not take the power, which God
Entrusted to my feeble care;
Thou canst not make, or mar one note,
That runs the scales, of spiral stair,

Attuned to melody sublime,
That angel fingers, angel hands
Waft softly, sweetly to my soul,
In subtle waves, from ether lands

Whose fertile seas, of music growth,
In beauty, to mine heart doth reach,
Enthralling me in sweet repose,—
Embalming all my thoughts of speech.

I could not let thine alien hand
Dwarf melody, of harp of mine,
I could not let its cruel touch,
Break chords of love, and give no sign.

The gods'—Immensity of space,—
That thrills, with silent voice my muse,
In sweet caress,—would cease their waves,
If, I, their sounds, did thus abuse.

So leave me and be gone my friend;
Thy hand discordant notes, but bring,
Let angles waft me love's refrain
As free as bird and brooklets sing.

July 20, 1909.

The Platonic Shrine

Fair Temple, Platonic, we greet thee,
With heads bending low at thy Shrine,—
Whilst our hearts, triumphant, are beating,
To music of Angels, divine.

March 6, 1910.

To My Friend

The bitterness of gall, my Being saps!
Hell's smoldering fires,—in Withering-heat,—en-wraps
The stagnant pool, of Misery's dull Woe,
As "Mortal-passion's" pain,—doth ebb, and flow
In sodden rivulets, dripping ghastly dew,
As Heaven's hopes, receedeth from my mental view;
"Master the man, and thy victory is won;"
My battle, then, is only just begun.

* * * * *

I bow the head,—kissing the crucifix,—
Voicing the words, of Christ: "May this Cup, pass my lips."

Dec. 4, 1909.

A Night-Mare

Turgescent waves, Galvanic!
  Like Charybdis waters, Roll!
Tempestuous currents Sweeping
  Through the gate-way of my Soul!

Dreams! of empyran Greatness!
  Winds! of Plutonian heat!
Whose Cyclonic furies,
  But laugh, at my defeat.

Titanic are my efforts,
  This Hydra, to subdue,
While with Circean tactics,
  His purpose, I pursue;

But like a wind swept desert—
  Whose dust, and scorching sand—
And effluvium exhalations,
  Effectuates, Mirage-land!

Illusive! Miscellaneous!
  Miraculous! Misanthrope!
Causation's Catenations,—
  With caution—doeth approach!

Fantastic forms, surround me—
  I, Awake!—I, gasp!—I, moan!
And, with one Mighty effort
  The Night-Mare! is o'er thrown.

Feb. 27th, 1909.

The Artist

There are Rubens, and Raphaels, and Titians, and Rembrandts,
  Whose names have rolled down through the annals of time,
In plaudits of fame, through history's galaxy,
  And sang into memory by eulogy's rhyme.

As monuments, great, of their wonderful genius,
  Their paintings now hang in galleries of art,
Whose emotional coloring, and vivification
  Awaken the soul and enrapture the heart.

But the artist, whose face has never been imaged
  In marble, or name been graven on stone,
Is the artist of Life, and mind is the gallery—
  His brush and pallette lie on memory's throne.

Our mind is the gallery, and Life is the painter,
  Whose hand never falters, whose heart never fears,
As in earnest, he truth-fully, sketches his pictures—
  Some painted in laughter, some painted in tears.

This artist, with brush, is still working, faithful,—
  There are pictures outlined on canvas of white,
All ready to touch up, with most vivid coloring,
  When the morning succeeds the shadows of night.

Oh, what is the picture, the artist is painting,
  For you, and for me, as the days come and go?
Is it sketched in with love, and unselfish devotion
  To others, and lighted with purity's glow?

Or, does dark, murky shadows, make up the background,
  With groupings of envy, greed, malice, and hate?
Is jealousy trailing her green, slimy garments,
  To welcome foul slander, who leans o'er the gate?

If this be the picture, Oh! angels in heaven,
  Come down, in all mercy, and blot out with tears
The groupings and shadows, and with love light the canvas,
  Dispelling the gloom that has darkened our years.

Place the rainbow of promise athwart the clear heaven,
  And, Artist of Life, get thy brush once again,
Dipped in Lethean waters,—whose fountain, oblivion,
  Shall deaden our memory, and lesson our pain.

And, Artist, get thy brush, perspective,
  To paint this scene for me;—
A ship, storm-tossed, and weather-beaten—
  Adrift in the unknown sea.

Close by the shore of the unseen portals,—
(Of ever-lasting day)
Whose rays of light show Angels coming
To tow the ship away.

Feb. 14 1909.

Paradise

We speak of "Paradise" as a Place apart—
Dawned from the glance of God,— in visions- sweet-approve,
Existent,—far, in future-blessedness-of-peace;
And, peopled only by the ones we love.

Not so: the Cause that Animates our souls,
In joyous melody and tune, to things sublime,—
Thinks not of Place, or Time, in vast unrollment;
But Egoizes Paradise along the line.

Of Nature's great unfoldment of Divine
Enactment, and fulfillment of her Laws—
In, midst, of lust, and Craze, and all emotion's elements,
In like Degree proportionate, to the Cause!

We live,—we feel the sacredness, of emotion!
We climb the heights!—We sing to lowest depth!
Creations of our own,—of bliss eternal,—
In Judgment of Desire and Mind's assets.

July 8, ,909.

Portage Falls, Genessee Valley

The Imagery of Nature.
Lament not the Ruins of Time.

Lament not, the ruins of grandeur, that's past,
Nor the glory, the fame, or renown
That the Ages have hushed, with their Cycles of Time,
And the Years, that decay have hurled down.

For, Eternity's high-way, will scope you a glimpse
Of its waters, whose silvery sheen,
Flash and sparkle, like diamonds, o'er uplands, and hills,
Rain-bowing, the valleys, between.

Its rocks, and its foliage, frondescent, appear,—
Prismatic, to wave in each ray,
'Til, the eye, and the ear, a-startle with Truth
Consents to the Heavenly way;

That sages have carroled, and poets have sung,
When in tune with the Organ, above—
Whose symphonic notes, peal the message of God,
Rippled in with the music of Love.

May 10th, 1910.

Silver Wing

I will prove, the time, not distant,—
When the silent, angel forces,
Gather up the fruits of labor;
And, with lavish hand, and generous,
Fills thy soul to overflowing,
With the thoughts thy soul is made of,
And thy eye, shall cleave the darkness,—
See the Hosts of Angel visitants,
That have come to bid thee welcome,
To the land of Wisdom,—Growing.

Indian, "Silver Wing." July 10, 1906.

Ah-wa-wa

I will make your mind a-weary,—
I will free your brain from thought;
I will press your tired eye-lids,
With the leaves, that I have brought,

I will make you sleep, as sweetly,
As a child, without a care;
I will weave you dreams of beauty
Out of leaves, and flowers, fair;
And, throughout the Realms of Dream-land,
You shall wander, for awhile,
'Til the beams of dawn, awake you,—
Fresh, and happy, as a child.

March 29, 1909.

A Traveler

An old man, toiling down the road,—
  Toward the unseen gates ajar,—
With staff in hand,—his form low bent,—
  Was asked: If he had traveled, far?

"I've traveled seventy years, along;
  With Time beside me on the way,—
And as a token of his love,
  He has sprinkled all my hair with grey.

"He has left his marks,—of kindly care,—
  Upon this wrinkled brow, of mine;
Some woven in with beauties, rare,
  By love,—and truth's artistic line.

"And, some are furrowed deep, with grief,—
  With keen desire, of passion's vent,
As Time and I, both traveled on,
  Unmindful, of the way we went.

"And still,—we travel, on and on,
  With tottering steps—midst earth, and sky,
With drooping head, and form low bent,
  We know our pilgrimage, is nigh;

"And yet, we feel the fires of youth,
Come tingling through our hearts, once more.
As on we gaze, with love and trust,
To loved ones waiting, on the shore,

"Just over there, so near, it seems,
I hear the boat-man on the tide—
I catch the gleam from love-lit eyes,
That draws me to the other side.

"I see the friends of long ago,
Come, reaching out their hands, to me;
I hear their whisper, soft, and low;
"We soon will set your spirit free."

"You have reached the three score years and ten,
Of life, along this toilsome road,
And, as you near the unknown, When,
We'll lighten up your load,

"And, bring you safely, to your rest
Where friends, and loved ones doth abide;
So, follow on, with Time, dear heart,—
He'll lead you safely to this side,—

"Where, loved ones, now are waiting near,
To meet you with the love of old,—
Grown stronger, purer, than before,—
And holier,—a thousand fold."

A Poem gotten for *Mr. Pierce.*
July 13, 1909.

Memory's Cortege

O'er the past, waste, and desert, my memory is traveling—
O'er its scenes of my youth,—o'er its scenes of my joys,—
When fancy was fickle, and pleasure was fleeting,—
And, I juggled with Time, as a child, with its toys.

There were Roses, and Wormwood, and Nettles, and Pansies,
That grew, side by side, in the wild-wood of Life:
Oasis of Thorns, in Desert, a-cluster—
Whose points pierced me deeper, and sharper than knife.

There's a log house, a standing, on the brow of an orchard,—
Where Lilacs, and Snow-drops, and Roses grow wild;—
There's a tall stately woman,—with brown eyes, a-loving,—
Looking down, on the play of a bare-footed child.

There's a large, portly man,—on whose brow many winters'
Of time,—and of toil,—have left sprinklings of grey,—
Sitting close by the door;—his hands loosely folded,—
Whose soft pensive glance, shows: his, thoughts far away!

His, Memory,—is traveling to the scenes of His Child-hood.
He dreams of His boy-hood,—his New England home;—
He hears once again, the waves of Atlantic,
As they sweep up the pebbles, 'midst froth, and 'midst foam.

Then, memory, mine: sees a house near a village—
The large portly man on his home-ward way,—bound—
He stops,—falters,—staggers, a step or two, forward,—
With form all a-tremble, he falls to the ground.

The tall, brown eyed woman,—grown older—is weeping;—
The child, once at play,—is a young lady, now,
Who tenderly bends o'er the form of the sleeper—
With love, and half fear, she kisses his brow.

* * * * *

Years have passed: A man,—a stranger,—an alien—
Has come to the home: "to take Father's place;"
The girl: in contempt—only flashes this answer:
"You, are none of our kind! You are none, of our race!"

Sad,—lonely,—and desolate, she leaves the home cover,
With tears in her eyes, and pride in her heart.
She stranded 'midst strangers—'midst shoals, and 'midst dangers;
Thus! Mother,—and daughter, were drifted a-part.

* * * * *

The years pass along,—a marriage,—all, loveless,—
Takes place. While, rolling on Time's tireless wave,
The Mother and daughter,—meet once more together,—
And clasp their hands tightly, o'er a newly-made-grave!

Hark! The bells toll again—from a far distant City!
They toll out the loss of our dearest, and best;—
The golden haired sister—Oh! how we have missed her,
Since, long years ago! she was laid, to her rest!

Anon! and anon! a brother stands weeping
O'er the form of his loved One, in a low, sobbing tone,
He murmurs;—"Dear wife; my heart is now broken;
You have left me, to finish my journey alone."

The Angel of Death! Comes again, with a summons!
The Sister,—whose widow-hood,—hangs like a pall
On the heart of the mourner;—whose cheeks are yet moistened,
And eyes, dark, and dampened, by tears that still fall!

Oh! Memory! Cease, thy dark, dreary pilgrimage!
My heart beats to sadness, this beautiful morn!
My head aches to madness,—with views cast in shadow!
Oh! glimpse me,—one rose, without any thorn!

Show me lilies, and pansies, and sunshine,—Not shadow!
In which: me, and mine,—took the happiest part
With joy all a-bloom in our faces!—"Not yet, Dear,
There are two, little graves, kept green in your heart."

And the grave,—still a-hunger: yawned deeply, and darkly,
For the tottering steps, drawing near to its brink.
Oh, Mother! Dear mother, come back from the cloud-land;—
Or, Angels, in Heaven! give me lethean drink!

Oh! Memory! What made you go traveling backward!
O'er the past desert waste, of sorrow, and fears?
Regrets!—disappointments!—with Hope, laid in ashes!
You have glimpsed me but graves,—bathed in bitterest tears.

Oh! Treacherous, Memory! I awaken your slumbers,
To show me, past roses; Not, wormwood, and rue!
"In the Cemetery, Yonder! Where stones gleam so whitely,—
'Neath the wide spreading Maple,—There is room left for You."

April 13, 1909.

On Modern Spiritualism

An Anniversary Poem, by Request of the Committee.

Years ago, in the hush of a beautiful twilight;
When nature seemed donning her mantle of night,
Through the dusk of her purple and azure enfoldment:
There dawned on our vision, a Luminous Light.

'Twas the "Star of the East," rising, bright, o'er New England,—
(Whose "heart" throbs for freedom,—in thought, and in deed—
Whose pulsating soul,—a-quiver with longing,—)
Attracted the Star,—bearing Spiritual seed.

Watch the Star's gliding, softly,—silently, radiantly!
On through the vast heavens, it wended its way,
Till it came to a "Cot" in "Hydesville's" green valley,—
And hung there when, out from its Opaline ray

Sprang an angel,—exultant,—who bore on her bosom
An infant,—all clothed in purity,—Love divine,
Saying: "We've Christened this Babe, 'Modern Spiritualism,' "
And bequeath Him to thee. He is thine! He is thine!

"He brings thee a message of Truth from thy loved ones,
Who long ago, passed to the realms above
As a link in the Chain of Endless progression
His mission (on earth) is Peace, Hope, and Love.

"Enkindle thy heart with beams of His presence;
Inflate, well, thy Soul, for its spiritual need,
Grown warped, and mis-shapen by groveling, supinely,
At the altar of Ignorance,—dogma, and creed.

"Flash the rays of His truth, to north,—to the southward, —
Let the winds catch their glints, and bear them along,
In rhythmical measures,—to sparkling waves, dancing
Across the Pacific, in rippling song.

"Let Tumultuous Atlantic,—whose waves lash in fury
Its billows of blue, as they roll in their flight,
Toward the Temple of Science, whose rational reasoning,
Creeps slowly along towards the Spiritual Light.

"Let each giant wave with Truth, become pregnant,
As onward they roll,—flecked with froth and with foam,—
On! on, to the shores, of Priest-ridden Italy,—
And,—like Caesars of old—bear the Message to Rome.

"Let the Thunders proclaim It, in loud detonations;
Let its echoes reverberate, o'er the vast plain;
Let the Lightnings repeat It, in flashes from Heaven,
Glimpsing Faces of loved ones, again, and again."

The Angel unclasped the Babe, from her bosom,
With the Light of fair Heaven a-gleam in His eyes,
While, the "Sisters," enwrapped, with Vision Celestial,
Saw something like incense, float up to the skies.

The Child grew a-pace,—reaching boyhood, and manhood,—
While, forth from His soul, flowed an effulgent Light,—
Scintillant emittments, from Star, in whose center
Glowed Opaline beams, through the darkness of Night.

By the Light of that Star, we meet here together, —
For the birth of that Child,—for the birth of that Son,
We meet here together, in love, and thanksgiving—
That, He is strong, and still growing, at the age: "Sixty-One."

By the Light of that Star, Science, walks down the valley
And peers through death's shadow, and darkness, and gloom,—
And sees by Its rays, that Life's light immortal,
Glows brightly beyond the grave, and the tomb.

By the birth of that Infant, the fetters are breaking—
That bound minds in slavery, to church, and to Rome;
To the creeds, and the dogmas, of Theology's teaching—
Why! He is winning His way into every home.

He has spanned the deep chasm, of Death's Darksome river,
And lighted the way to that Beautiful shore;
He has lifted the Veil of the Unseen portals,
And lovingly opened the Heavenly door—

That our loved ones may come, and, join in the anthems
Of "Peace and good Will," while a Message they bring,
(Through the aid of our medium's Psychic-unfoldment)
Of "Modern Spiritualism"—This wonderful King!

He has Sons,—now,—and daughters, in every direction;
From the shores of Old Scotia, to Egypt's green Nile—
From the land where Borealis gleams nightly, phosphoric,—
To the spice-scented groves of Ceylon's fair isle!

Unceasingly Pendulous, He swings 'round the Universe,—
His Orbit unchanging, it is Here,—everywhere—
In Center! Circumference! on! on, through the Heavens!
Till it reaches the Land of our Loved Over There.

* * * * *

Lily Dale, a Few Years Later

Years ago, in the hush of a beautiful twilight,
When nature seemed pregnant, with love—bubbling o'er,
A feeling—expectant—pervaded the ether,
Like: "Coming events, casting shadows before."

* * * * *

Hark! a Voice stirs the silence, that erstwhile had fallen
O'er meadows,—o'er lilies,—o'er brambles,—o'er brakes;
A Whispering Voice, prophetically laden,
"A 'Stork' hovers over your beautiful lakes.

"Go, build thee a Temple of cedar, and hemlock,—
Entwine it with ivy, and garlands of green;
A Temple of Truth, and await thou, the coming
Of angels, advancing, to herald a Queen."

* * * * *

Then Marion, spoke, in tones soft and gentle:
"Let us build, now, this Bower, to welcome our guest,—
Who is coming,—yes, coming,—the angels have said so:
Let us work night, and day,—let us work without rest."

* * * * *

They all went to work,—both the maiden and the matron.
The men helped a little,—as they jested and smiled,
Over the enthusiasm, of wives and of sisters,—
Wondering, who, be conceived, of this "Wonderful Child."

But the Temple, it grew, as, if 'twere by magic,
'Neath the wide-spreading branches of hemlock and pine;
It nestled, a Bower of beauteous evergreen,
Awaiting the coming of Angel Divine.

The women, God bless them! sat down in a circle,
To rest from their labors,—and felt half-afraid
To question each other, on such delicate matters,
As to whom, was to travail this beautiful babe.

Hush! a silence fell o'er them,—as deep as the darkness
That falls o'er the earth, when clouds break the light
Of stars, and of moon,—leaving nature enveloped
In vapor of blackness—the blackness of night.

And, out of that silence a voice,—low but thrilling,
Endowed with the richness, and volume of youth,
Spoke, saying: "All hail! to thee, matrons and maidens,
Ye are,—all of ye,—mothers, to the Spirit of Truth.

" 'Tis, this place, that we consecrate to the Great Spirit
Of Truth, of Hope, of Love's holy flame
That gleams from the Star called 'Modern Spiritualism,'—
This Utopian isle,—now, give it a Name.

"And, sit ye here nightly,—in groups, and circles,—
Invoking the presence of Loved ones passed o'er;
Bid them welcome, and greet them, with love, and with gladness,
As Messengers, come from the Heavenly shore."

* * * * *

As the Angel ceased speaking, there floated in ether
A Purplish mist,—like a vapory veil,
While soft on the breezes, in musical cadence,
Came a low, gentle murmur of: "Lily Dale, Lily Dale."

The quivering leaves, on the trees, caught the echo—
The flowers in the woodland, the brooks in the vale,
Commingling their voices, in rhythmical measure
Rang out in sweet melody: "Lily Dale, Lily Dale."

The winds caught the musical accents, and bore them
To northward,—to southward,—to East, and to West,
Till the people, of every Creed, and of nation
Well know, Where, to come for a Feast, and a rest.

* * * * *

How many, remember the Temple of Hemlock?—
How many, are here, who remember this place,
In its primal conception, of love—and of labor?
Are, there none of them here; Not, one loving face?

Yes! They are, all of them here, on this Anniversary;
They are all of them here,—to greet you, and say:
That, they, all of them,—join you in love, and in labor,
As they did years ago, on the first Natal day.

They all, see the work going onward, and upward,
As, they did years ago, "in the days of Lang Syne:"
They are, still, your co-workers,—of The Cause, that budded,
And Bloomed in the Temple of Hemlock and Pine.

Years have passed, since that time, when the Cause was in infancy,—
But, Progression's Great wheel,—and Time in its flight
Has made this Place "A Mecca," for Sad hearts, and Lonely,
Whose souls are a-hunger, for Spiritual Light.

* * * * *

Lily Dale, is the Center of rest, and of beauty;
As such, she is recognized; e'en Uncle Sam's mail
Is stamped with her beauties, of Art, and of nature
And Noticed. "A Scene at fair Lily Dale."

Should you travel this country, from ocean to ocean,
You will hear people saying: "Now, be sure, and don't fail,
To meet me next summer, when Camp is in Session,
At the City of Light,—Lily Dale, Lily Dale."

* * * * *

Now, let us Invoke the aid of our Loved Ones,—
That Peace,, Love, and Truth, may ever prevail—
In this Island of beauty,—whose Spirit Conception
Is Miraged in Heaven—Lily Dale, Lily Dale!

Oh! wonderful Truth, of Spiritualism,
That brings Peace, to the aching Heart,—to the Weary Soul, rest.
May Thy Light ever Shine from the Summit of Heaven,
Through The Star of the East, o'er the Queen of the West.

March 24, 1909.

The Birth of Our Cause

An Anniversary Poem. By Request of the Committee.

Dear friends,—and co-workers; we meet once again
Beneath this same, dear old Hall,
To commemorate the Birth of our Cause.
We give glad greetings, to all.

We see in your faces, the Light of the Truth,—
We feel your hearts pulsate, and glow
With the fervor of Love, sweeping over your souls,
In its Spiritual ebb-tide, and flow.

We see Angel sentinels, guiding your steps,
With the Light, that never shall fail;—
The unwavering flame, that for aeons of years,
Has gleamed through Eternity's Vale.

'Tis the Breathing of God, whose Aurated-breath
Ignited the Spark, in the deep
Void of Nature, holding sway o'er the land,
When Eden awoke, from her sleep.

'Twas a ray of this Light,—flashing forth from the womb
Of Nature, in Primal release
Of Intelligent-thought,—and, hath been borne along
On the Tide of Eternity's Seas.

It came through the darkness of fog-land, and mist,—
Bedewed with Ignorance's tears,—
Shining steadily on, with Immaculate Truth,
'Til its splendor has vanished our Fears.

It has flamed out our doubts, and peopled our dreams,
With visions of loved ones,—gone o'er.
It ladens the silence, with messages, sweet,
From the friends of that Summer-land shore.

It has given us courage to live, and to die,
By lighting the valley, Unseen,—
It has Franchised us, Right,—to commune with our God,
With no—yawing—chasm between.

Resistless! Persuasive! Creative! it floods
The longing desire of our soul,—
Whose patience, encumbered, by doubt, and mistrust,
Feels the Darkness, receedingly, roll,

As its Imperious force, hymns restlessly on,—
Illumined by the colors, that glow
From God's Candelabra,—aflame with the Truth
Of Infinity's Love-over-flow.

It was this sacred Light, shining bright, through the Star
Of the East,—in the heavens,—o'er-head,—
That en-haloed the Tomb, on That first Easter-morn,
When Christ arose, from the dead.

It Enkindles our heart-beats; and flashes our view
Through the grave,—through the tomb,—through the years—
Englimpsing us, loved ones, whose bright-glances thrill,—
Drying up our sorrowful tears.

Its billows of Light, are sweeping the land,
From the earth, to the canopied sky,
Transforming our crosses, into beauteous crown,
To be worn in the sweet bye-and-bye.

Its paces are forward, sure footed, and firm,—
Undaunted, it leaps o'er the gate
Of Tradition's Ideal,—whose Dogmatic Hell,
Enfolds God in a mantle of Hate.

It points to the All, where Nothing, is Lost,—
It lighteth up Solitude's dome,—
Unbidden,—Forbidden,—it enters the door,
And, Phantoms the Altar of Rome.

The whip of the Creeds, have lashed through its flame,—
Fair Science, her flags, have unfurled
To smother its glow,—but triumphant 'twill shine
Until it Enlightens the World.

Oh! the Truth of Spiritualism! ever shall stand!
Its Light, forever, shall flame
On! on, through endless,—Eternity's Sea,
'Til it reaches the Source, whence it came.

Entwining our hearts, in one living Fount
Of Flame-flow,—whose rippling rhyme,
Beats in tune,—as each bubble, and sparkle of Love,
Waves out, on the Ocean of Time.

March 21st, 1910.

Sister Dear You're Not Alone

Silently, the twilight falls around me—
Noiselessly it enters every room;
Following in its wake,—comes sweet, sad memories,
That resemble moonlight struggling through the gloom.

I can see the lights of love, around me, glinting,
And I know my darling ones draw near, to me;
Coming from the Summer-land,—through unseen portals—
Though, their forms, and faces, are but Memory.

I often sense their presence in the gloaming;
And, I quickly turn to see a smiling face—
All radiant with love-beams,—born of Heaven—
But, my Vision glimpses nought, but empty space.

And, yet I feel, and know, that, they are with me—
That unseen lips are pressed upon my own—
And, that in accents,—softer than the night-fall—
They are whispering: "Sister, dear, You're not alone.

"No, Sister, not alone; for we are with you—
And, will watch you, with the Joy that Angels feel,
When Lights from Heaven,—brighten up the shadows,—
To make Glad, some sorrowing heart, with truth, revealed."

Aug. 21, 1907.

Before and After

Faintly, the heart-pulse,—beat.
Fainter still, the noiseless feet
Of angels—as, they retreat
To the shining shore;—
Bearing in their arms,—away,
Mother's soul, to endless day,—
Where peace will come,—Alway,
Forever more.

Mother, in that happy land,
Will come and take us, by the hand,
As, she joins Our Angel band,—
Who greet us, as we wait,
For the token of good cheer—
Telling us,—that, loved, and dear
Friends of ours, are drawing near,
Through the unseen gate.

She, has only gone before,—
Leaving wide the unseen door,
That shall close, Ah! Never-more
To the Ones, in woe,
That, she left in pain, and grief—
While her own soul, found relief—
Anchored, on the Heavenly reef:
In Life's Over-flow.

Dec. 2, 1907.

Note.—In the evening, as I sat holding my Mother's hand I was given the above poem. I could almost hear the rustle of the Angels' wings. We knew that she was passing out,—slowly growing weaker as the hours sped on. She passed out Dec. 4th, 1907.

Mother

She is sleeping, sweet,—today,
Under-neath the flowers, of May,—
On the hillside,—far away,
Mother! Dear, Dear Mother.

She passed out, with the Autumn leaves,
To garner in, the golden sheaves,
And, my lone heart, mourns, and grieves
For Mother! Dear, Mother.

Underneath the falling snow—
As the seasons come and go,
She will hear me, call,—I know,
For Mother, Dear! Mother.

And, with love-light in her eyes—
From the realms, beyond the skies,—
She will help my soul to rise,
Up, to Heaven! and, Mother!

Dec. 3, 1907.

Note.—This Poem, was given to me by my Spirit Guides, the day before Ma passed out, and while I was washing the dinner dishes. It was read at the funeral, or "Christening," of Ma's Birth, into the Higher Life—by Mrs. Clara Watson of Jamestown, N. Y., who officiated at the services.

May Morse-Burke.

Mother's First Experience on Passing Over

Jan. 7, 1909.

The following poem was given me by my mother, Hannah Morse, who Passed Out on December 4th, 1907; after an illness of about four weeks. Up to the time of her last illness, she was, and always had been, a most radical, and aggressive orthodox; and it was a matter of disputations between us,—often extending into unpleasantness: I being a Spiritualist.

However, she sent for me, when she was taken sick, and requested me to remain until the last,—as she knew she was going to "die." A few days after I had been there, the "Ladies Aid," (headed by the minister's wife) called, en-masse, after their hour of session, to condole, sympathize, and pray for her, announcing that the minister would be there soon to assist in prayer. My mother greeted them with "fierce" cordiality—if you know what that means—and refused both them and the minister the privilege, saying she was "as well prepared to go as they or the minister, and furthermore," she did "not want him to speak over her "dead body;" that "Mrs. Clara Watson was going to perform that act." Everyone was astounded; no one more so, than I. The ladies of the Aid brought their visit to an abrupt close; each one remembering some neglected home duty that must be performed,—took their departure and,—never called again.

After they had gone, my mother told me: "Strange things have been happening to me all the fall. My mother—your grandmother—has come to me often,—is with me, at times, every day, doing something over my head. Her first coming was several weeks ago. I was lying down with my little shawl, over my head and face. I was nearly asleep, when I heard soft, gentle, footsteps coming into the room. I felt the presence of some one close beside me, and, the shawl raised from off my face. I opened my eyes, but the shawl had not been removed. I raised up and there stood your grandmother. We had a long talk, and she told me I was coming to her soon. I have seen the girls, and Eddie" (meaning my two sisters and brother, who passed out several years ago). "They come to me often,—now, so do many of my old school mates, and, one day my teacher came,—bringing me an apple from the old tree that stood in the school house yard. It tasted good! too,—a great, large, red one. We don't have any like it now. I haven't seen your father yet,—but, he will come,—they tell me."

My mother talked with me, after that, fearlessly and frankly, about her going; and making little gifts, here, and there,—charging me, over and over again,—to be kind to my poor epileptic brother, whom she was leaving behind. She wanted to hold my hand constantly, when I was in her room.

In the afternoon, of December 3d,—about 5 o'clock,—she looked up, suddenly, and exclaimed: "The girls are here

again, and here comes Asa" (meaning my father). Such a happy, pleased expression came over her face. She fell into a quietude of thought, and was silent for some time. At last I spoke, saying: "It is time for your medicine." She looked up and replied: "May, what is the use? But, I will take it, if you want me to. It will do no good." Those were her last words. She closed her eyes and slept until 4 o'clock, the next morning, when her spirit left the body.

She had long since promised to write me, her first experience, as to her going over. I received it the other day, in the following poem, and am more pleased with it than anything else, I ever got through my Organism. Dr. Henderson of Lily Dale, treated her in her last sickness, and all of the home people at Lily Dale are familiar with the occurrence—also with her antagonism to Spiritualism, and the "change of heart," in her last moments. She had a spiritualistic funeral, —or "christening" into the higher life. Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y., spoke over the remains. Mrs. Maggie Wildrick, sang "Face to Face," and Mrs. Grace Champlin played the piano. Both of the latter ladies are from Lily Dale.

May Morse-Burke.

* * * * *

"Passed, I, into sleep,—Unconscious
Of all sorrow, grief and pain—
Sensing nothing, feeling nothing,
Till I opened my eyes again

"On a fairer world,—and brighter,—
Filled with beauties, never guessed—
Rippling streams, whose gentle murmur,
Lulled my spirit into rest.

Undulating waves of music
Floated on the perfumed air—
Vaguely, I began to wonder, (?)
Where am I? Oh! where, Oh! where?

"Memory, then began her weaving,—
Like a tireless, busy loom,
And, I listened for your footsteps,
As you passed from room to room.

"But, the sound of rippling waters
And the song of unseen bird—
Mingling, with some far off music—
Was the only sound I heard.

"Nearer, on it came, and nearer,
Till it reached a loud acclaim—
Ponderous, joyful notes of gladness,—
Beating out our Loved one's name.

"Then a feeling—that I name not—
O'er my weakened senses crept,—
Filling me with sweet contentment,
Like a weary child, I slept.

"When I 'woke, 'twas on a vision
That I gazed,—so fair,— so mild,
That I scarce was sure I knew her—
(Your dear sister, my dear child)

"That had left us in the blossom
Of her budding motherhood,
Years ago; and, smiling sweetly,
There, before me, Hattie stood.

"Oh! the bliss of that one moment!—
Oh! the joy,—for, well I knew
That 'death's' dark, and dreaded river,
Somehow, I had forded through.

"All unconscious of the Passage—
As I crossed the dark abyss,—
As I journeyed down the valley,
Whose drear shadows lead to bliss.

"Then from out the flowers, and foliage,
Other spirits, seemed to glide—
Your father,—brother, sister Eva—
All were standing by my side.

"I was weak,—so weak,—but happy,
And, I tried to speak—in vain.
Tears of love, and Joy, were falling
From my eyes,—like summer rain.

"Your father, took, and, placed me gently
In a soft, reclining chair;
And I gazed around in rapture—
Flowers! flowers! every where.

"Loving hands caressed me fondly,—
Loving lips were pressed to mine,—
Loving eyes were shining brightly,
With a happiness divine.

"And, they told me of the wondrous
Working, of your angel band—
How they reached, my understanding,
By my holding of your hand.

"Then, my mind went back to earth-life,
And I longed for you to know
That, I was supremely happy,
That my soul was all aglow

"With a love, so pure, so holy,—
Not a grief, and not one pain—
Only in my heart, a longing,
To come back to you again,

"Just to tell you, I was happy—
That, you must not grieve and mourn.
I, was free from earth-life's shackles,
Which, I had so lately worn.

"And, that you must bear up bravely,
With the 'Burden,' I had cast—
(As a heritage of sorrow)—
On your generous heart, at last.

"But, I could not come,—for weakness,—
Helpless as a child, new born.
And, they told me, I must 'foster'
All my 'strength,' for 'Christening morn.'

"Yes, I came, and saw the wrinkled
Face, of mine,—all, cedar crowned—
Saw you, place the red carnation
On my breast,—your eyes,—tear-drowned.

"Saw the old form, dressed in satin—
White, it was,—all, trimmed in lace;
Heard the music, and the singing:—
"We Shall Meet—Yes,—Face to Face."

"Heard the message, that was spoken
O'er my form,—so cold, and still—
'Death is Life,—change, is Progression:
Love, is Law, and, Nature's Will.'

"Then, they took me back to Heaven,
'Tended me with kindest Care;—
I learned the law of Love, and Labor,
Joining, with the workers There,

"That I might come back to earth-life,
When I found an open door,—
Bringing messages of kindness,—
Teaching much—and learning more.

"For, the law of Love, and Labor,
Is unselfish deeds of love,—
Which react upon the giver,—
Bringing blessings from above.

"I am with you very often,—
Watching o'er you, night and day,—
Giving you divine ambition;
Hearing every word you say.

"So, have patience, child, and kindness,—
Being faithful to your trust.
It will strengthen, and, protect you
When you die: as die you must.

"I am passing through the stages,
As the law of Love demands,—
Going onward,—ever upward,—
Toiling, with both heart, and hands.

"Soon, I'll reach the 'Fair Arcadia'
Where, the brightest Angels dwell—
Where, my heart, with Love's pure essence,
Echoes back my Soul's 'All's well.'

"And, I'll meet you in the Morning
Of the dawn of Life's Pure Day,
On the Shore of Life's Supernal,
'When the mists have rolled away.' "

(Signed) "Ma.".

A Message From Ma, No. 1

In Continuation of Mother's first experience.

"I am waiting for my loved ones,
On the everlasting sea,
Near the great immortal channel—
That will bring you all to me.

"Oh! my heart is warm, with loving,
And my soul is all a-flame
With the glorious gifts of nature,
That exist in every name—

"Not alone the human family,
But, all living things of earth,
That respond to co-eternal
Cause, and force, that gave them birth.

"I have learned the greatest lessons,
Since I left, a year ago,
Finding out the Trans-condition
That connects you all below,

"To the higher realms of Transit—
To the loved ones on the shore
Of Eternal Wisdom,—growing
Transcendental,—more and more.

"I am nearing the Supernal;
In whose Tide my Soul will glow
Like Aurora's beams, at morning—
Like the Streamlet's gentle flow,

"And, I hear the quaint, but curious
Music, of the other Spheres,
Laden with a peaceful calmness,
That gives birth to joyous tears—

"Tears, resembling dew of evening,
That refreshes where it falls,—
Glistening in the heart of roses
Like so many diamond balls.

"Oh! I'll come to you in Summer—
You shall see me, as, you knew
Mother, in the old-time garment,
Just as she was known to you.

"Now, be faithful, true and honest—
Be a comfort to the rest;
And as tribute of your labor
You shall be a welcome guest

"At the home—or the Palladium,
Of the learned,—the great,—the wise,
That in concourse are awaiting
Your advance, with loving eyes.

Now, I'll close with love, to every
One of you, that's here tonight—
Little May, Oh! grandma wants you
To be good, and do what's right."

(Signed) "Ma" and "Grandma."
Feb. 27, 1909.

My Mother's Voice

My soul has lost its fevered glow;
In calm repose, it lies,
Receptive to the gentle flow
Of love, that never dies.

I hear, in murmurs of each breeze,
A voice, that softly sings
In silent notes a song of love,
Borne hence,—on angel's wings;

And from the Chorister, of Heaven,
In paeons of rejoice,—
Amidst the Seraph's sweet acclaim,
I hear my Mother's voice.

June 24, 1909.

Sent Back

Back! Go back, My child; to earth life;
And cease thy weary, longings;—
Thou, shalt search along, those other shores,
For happiness, in vain!
Turn thy gaze unto the beacon-light, of Life,
Within thee burning.
It will sparkle, and more brilliant glow,
Like sunshine, after rain.

Keep thy mind within the Facade, of the Temple,
That thy soul hast made;
And let the Stream of Love, cleanse,
And purify thy heart.
It will take away all memories,
Of thy life's most bitter sorrows;
Weaving the Link, in broken Chain—
That keeps Dual souls, apart.

July, 1906.

A Message From Ma, No. 2

When thy Star, is at its zenith,
And the clouds are swept away—
When the light of heaven, gleameth
O'er thy soul, like New-born day;

When the pebbled shore of passion,
Shines like frost of diamond dust,
Then, thy soul will find its Center,—
Knowing whom, to Love, and trust.

Dec. 7, 1909.

A Message From Ma, No. 3

I will touch thy brain,—that is always willing,
To respond to thoughts of ours—
I will touch thy hands,— so tired, and calloused—
With the petals of our flowers.

That, we brought, in trust and loving kindness,
For the work that thou hast done;
We, thank thee,—Child, and wilt meet thee, later,—
At the setting of thy sun.

Keep thy mind, in touch with the heavenly fluid—
Thy heart,—in touch with All;
As, Love,—The Universal God—
Notes: "E'en a Sparrow's fall."

March 17, 1909.

Note.—While sitting in our "Home Uni-Cycle," one evening, as noted above—I felt something touch my hand, where-upon, I requested our spirit friends, to "touch my hand again," and I got the above Message from Ma. May Morse-Burke.

A Charge to Keep

A Message from Ma, March 17th, 1910.

We stand by thee, mighty, in armor,
Our breast-plates, are Peace, Hope, and Love;
We will protect thee, and shield thee from danger,
With God's marshalled forces, above.

The Sextant, Triangle, and Quintant,
Encircle thee, with their charm
Of devotional, mystical, bearing,
Protecting thee, child, from all harm.

Be brave, be courteous, be gentle,
Be true to thyself, and have care
Of thy thoughts, holding high aspirations,
And, God will answer thy prayer.

A Message from Ma, No. 4

In reply to a question. March 13th, 1910.

My child, the tide is turning,
And the waves, that lashed the shore,
Are ebbing back, to fountain source,
More dangerous, than before.

And when the tide comes in, again,
Its billows, loud, and high,
Will engulf thee, in their tempest.
You must do it now, or die!

My Angel Pearl

A Fragment.

I am sitting in the gloaming, of the twilight's purple glow;
I sense the angels' presence, as they pass me,—to and fro;
I feel the zephyrs fan me,—engendered by their wings,—
And, the air is vocal, laden, with the song my angel sings.

I seem to hear their footsteps, as they pass from room to room;
I glimpse, me, of their faces,—silhouetted 'gainst the gloom;
A baby's face is outlined, and I know, my Pearl is there,
With the gleams of gold, a-glisten, in the sheen of tawny hair.

I can catch the dewy fragrance, of her purple, pansy eyes—
With eagerness I drain it, as a nectar from the skies,—
While the nebulous mists enfold me, and the incense floating round,
Thrill me, fill me with a rapture of ecstacy profound.

And, in fancy, she is once again, clasped, closely to my breast,
While a baby-voice, is saying, "I am tired, let me rest."
Soft,—tiny hands,—so still and white, are pressed within my own—
A rustling,—as of angel wings—Her little soul, had flown!

The angels,—they had taken her,—my dew-drop, of a day;
But she comes to me in spirit,—to soothe my lonely way.
She comes across the border, from the cloud-land-world of bliss,—
To bless her weary mother,—and get her good-night kiss.

March 25, 1909.

Our Baby

(Enid Fern Simpson; when 4 months old.)

A snow-drop on the wintry winds
Came floating from the unknown—where?
It lightly touched our hearts, with love,—
But, now, it is ingrafted there.

For, from its singleness of thought,
Since first it started on its way,
Has sprung the attributes of God,—
Increased by love, from day to day.

A rose leaf, on the shores of Time,
With potent powers to multiply—
To bud, and bloom, and fashion out
Another pathway, to the sky.

(Two months after.)

Snow-drop,—melted—rose leaf, withered,—
To bloom in the Great Sublime—
Working out its glorious purpose,
Still, on the shores of Time.

Angels watched, and angels waited,
For the closing day;
With mission ended: they, could bear her
Up the heavenly way.

Dear little hands,—waxen hands,—
Cold and white, as pearl,—
Dear little form,—still little form,—
Form—of our baby, girl.

The above poems were written through the hand of May Morse-Burke of Lily Dale, N. Y. The first three verses, July 30th; the last three verses, October 1, 1908,—for little Enid Fern Simpson, who passed to the higher life September 29, 1908, at Newport, Ky.; the infant daughter of Henry and Vera Fern (nee Perry) Simpson, and niece of May Morse-Burke of Lily Dale. She was born March 8, 1908, and was a great favorite at the Dale.

The following poem was written by the writer of those above, on September 29th, 1908.

Our Baby

Lines to the Mother, of Little, Enid Fern Simpson.

Thy mantle of grief, is a mantle of glory
Hereafter,—for, dark as its texture appears,—
It is woven of Love, from thy heart's purest fountain,
And bejeweled with diamonds, from fast falling tears.

Oh! sad hearted mother, the babe that has left you,
Is bound to thee, close, by memory's chain;
It will tighten, and shorten, as the days pass thee sadly,—
And draw thee once more, to her presence again.

So, weep not, nor grieve not, for the loss of thy darling;
For, nature has only, been kindly, once more;
She has cradled the form of thy babe in her bosom,
And, with loving hands, opened the heavenly door—

To the little child angel, that, God only lent thee—
To awaken thy heart to a Spiritual love,—
And show thee, the pathway to Heaven,—where Enid,
Will welcome thee home, to the glories above.

Thy heart, and thy spirit, have sorely been shaken,—
But, life's in the balance, and, who knows,—today—
Through the darkness of night, e'er the dawn of the morning,
The angels may come and bear thee, too,—away.

Baby LaVerna

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Moore, Jr.

We miss thy brown head, with its soft, silken tresses,
Whose tendrils caressed thy sweet baby face,
In loving entwinement; and darling, we miss thee,
Where heart-beat, and pulse-beat, of love inter-lace;—

In union, we miss thee, our sweet smiling fairy,—
Our sunbeam, that flashed on our home, from the skies,
A briefness of time,—then left us in shadow,
With grief in our hearts, and tears in our eyes.

* * * * *

But, shining lustrously, amidst the heavens,
Like a new born, Bethlehem star,
Radiating gleams of love, to earth-life,
Through "the beautiful gates ajar"—

There, standing out, amongst the angels, radiant
In love-beams, our baby, smiling, 'waits,
With beckoning hands, as magnet, potent, powerful,
To guide, and draw us, inside the golden gates.

Bright azure tints, bring us a token
From blue eyes, whose laughter, running o'er,
Will light our way, through this lonely pilgrimage,
Until we reach that shining shore,

Where, baby, LaVerna, in glorious revealment
Of future bliss—unknown—to sorrow's pain—
Will welcome us, as in the early dawning,
And we shall clasp her to our longing hearts, again.

Nov. 19, 1909.

Olive-May's Christening

I, blessed the child, and bade her live,—
In love, in purity and peace;
That through the coming years, of time,
Sweet, OLIVE-MAY—your joys increase.

I placed the Cedar on her brow,
As emblem of the Living Life—
The Daisy, on her breast, I laid,
As Surcease from all Inward strife.

Its golden heart but typified
The fires of Love,—Just kindling there;
Its waxen petals symbolized
The innocence, and beauty rare

Of Babe,—of budding maiden-hood
As registered on life's long scroll.
Its perfume, but exemplified,
Ethereal essence of the soul.

July 29, 1907.

At the Christening of my Niece, Olive May Perry, at my house by Rev. W. H. Bach, of Lily Dale, N. Y. . .

A Message From My Sister Hattie

Sister, Dear sister, I am lonely without you—
I long for your coming to Heaven,—and me,—
Where the sweet birds are singing; and flowers—ever-lasting,—
Are growing in wood-land,—in valley,— and lea.

Where the Palms wave their plumes, in rhythmical motion—
And perfume of roses, are sensed, everywhere,
Like incense from altars, that laden the breezes,
And float like a cloud-let, through the sweet scented air.

Oh! Heaven is beautiful, Sister, dear sister!
I wish you could come, and pick flowers with me,—
And gather the Coral, and pearl-shells, and diamonds,
That are being washed up with the sands of the sea.

Oh! I love jewels, Mamie; and I wish you could see me,
All decked out with pearls,—and green leaves in my hair;—
While, a-flowing, white robe falls gracefully around me,
With white flowers on my bosom—white flowers,—rich and rare.

They tell me you're coming,—that your day-light is fading,—
Fast fading into the sun-set of night;
Where stars, bright and golden, shine over your path-way,
To light up the darkness, and guide you a-right.

March 12, 1909.

A Message From Ma, No. 5

Love—Trilled into the music of song.

Thy efforts, are fruitless and futile,
To banish the Seal of thy race;
Ye are marked, for the trail of the Serpent,
That crept over Eden's fair face.

The sin-stain, of Falsehood, the Cunning,
Is trammeling thy life, even now;
But, the Laurel of effort, shall Crown thee,—
Entwining, thy calm,—thoughtful brow.

So, be patient,—untiring,—unselfish,—
And, as the New-year, rolls along,
'Twill bring the glad tidings, from Heaven,—
Trilled, into the music of song.

Feb. 25, 1910.

A Message From Ma, No. 6

Thy sunset of life, Is closing in splendor—
Its ravishing beauties, are Dreams, of the Past,
That beguile thee in fancy,—when passion was sleeping,
Enthralled, with a love,—that was too sweet to last.

But, the Ideals, lived; and are miraged in Heaven,
Reflecting their rays back to earth-life,—and you,
Interspersing thy life, with its tread-mill existence—
Filling up thy sad heart,—with a love, warm, and true.

The darkness is fading—The Dawn is approaching;—
A-glint with the purple, and azure, and green,
That lighteth thy way, to Wisdom's fair Temple,
A-blaze with the light of thy Soul's fondest dream.

March 16th, 1909.

A Message to Sister Emma

Triumphant, o'er life's Wreck,—She stood!
And, gazed in proud disdain
Upon the fragments, of a past,
That had brought her grief,—and pain!

She pointed out,—the broken Hopes—
The ruined Faith, the Trust—
The Love, that lingered on, a-while—
To satisfy its lust.

And as she touched the debris, of,
The false Joys—of her youth,
The smoke, and dust, was cleared a-way
By a flash of Living Truth.

And, in her heart, where Doubt held sway—
An Iridescent Light
Sprang up,—and lighted her the way—
Into the darkest night.

Nov. 1st, 1907.

To Sister Emma

Hopes of Springtime.

"I can see the Summer Sunshine
Drifting out in waves of gold;
I can see thy Hopes, of Springtime,
Reaping Harvests, manifold:

(Says a Voice, from out the Silence,
Echoing, through the Autumn Shade)—
"Ye are gathering fruits of Promise,
That in Trust, and Faith, Ye made.

"As, with all thy senses quickened,—
Thou hast sat in patient-wait,
For the 'Rap' of Spirit fingers,
And the 'Click' of pearly gate.

"Lo! And now, Ye sense their presence;
Ye can see a shining face.
And can hear their garments rustle,
As with soft, caressing grace

"They retreat, into the shadow,
To appear, again, a-new,
With the lights of Heaven, a-glisten,—
Sparkling,—like the morning dew.

"What would Ye: that we should suffer,
Those dear gifts to be denied?
And replaced, by earthly token,
Flattering to thy pomp, and pride?

"Not for India's coral riches;
Nor for Afric's diamond crest,
Would Ye part with silent language,
Of the Ones, ye love the best.

"Whose dear voices, hushed, and silent,
Can with symbols, make it clear,
That in spirit, they are with ye,
Daily, hovering O'er thee,—dear?

And that Sometime, in the Future,—
When the Change, called: 'Death,' takes place,
They will greet thee, on the border,—
Ye shall meet them, face, to face."

Sept, 1906.

A Mystic Room

Dedicated to Effie Moss.

I went into a "Mystic Room,"—
I saw my sister standing there;
I knew her, by her gentle grace—
I knew her, by her golden hair;

She whispered softly: "It is I—
Your sister, from the Summer-land—
I've come to meet you,—face to face—
To kiss your lips,—to press your hand;

"I've come to tell you, sister, dear,
I'm always with you—though unseen—
When sitting in your room, at home,—
You open up the doors between;

"I see the Love-light in your eyes—
I read your thoughts—though unexpressed—
I bring the babe,—God bore away,
And lay it gently, on your breast.

"She, with her gentle touch,—doth soothe—
She rents the veil—unfolds your sight—
And, with her love, she links your soul
More closely to the Infinite."

Aug. 21, 1907.

Note.—I had been to a Materializing seance given by Effie Moss, and saw my sister Hattie—long since passed out—or what purported to be her. I admit, I had doubts of the genuineness of the demon-

stration until I reached home,—and after retiring, I was made to get up and write the above Message—my sister Hattie Inspiring me.

May Morse-Burke.

Life is Love and Love is Life

A Message.

Along the brink of a blissful stream,
Where Fancy idles,—and Poets dream,—
Close by the Isle,—of Heart's Unrest,—
My Muse is wandering, gaily dressed
In thoughts,—of love,—in thoughts of truth,—
To fill the minds of age, and youth.
She scans, with visionary eye,
The Soulful force,—that looms on high,—
And o'er—and through immensity,—
In waves of love,—then, back to thee.
Thy, pinioned wings, were made to soar
To greater heights,—than e'er before;
For, Falcon, in his errant-flight,
Ne'er passed beyond Borealis's light,—
Or,—on! up, past the Milky-way;
As your mind soars, from day, to day;
To view the worlds, of other suns,—
And see the orbit, in which runs
The Universal, lasting Cause,
Of Nature's fixed, and changeless Laws!
Thy mind,—is in the Dream-land,—now;
Bewildered,—In the Where? and How?
With Soul-glimpse, of a fairer, day;
So vague,—so distant is the ray
That keeps a-light, thy Inner, love
Of transcendental things,—and proves,
That Life, is Love, and Love is Life,
Co-relative, with toil, and strife,
Until, on Nature's wheels of Time,—
Revolved, into a higher clime—
Resolved, into a Theme of bliss,
Where Life's one Soul-embracing, kiss.

April 7, 1909.

Inactivity? Inconceivable!

Not, for the peace that flows,
Not, for the love that glows
  In the human breast,
Shall man retire his soul,
Quaffing the flowing bowl
  Of Endless rest.

No where, in life, it seems,
Dreaming, but idle dreams
  Of Happiness, profound,
Is there a Blissful State;
All things, animate,
  Must have rebound.

Know then, Perfection, lies
Far beyond our vision's-skies,
  In Infinite, Abyss;
We must Climb, Progression's Stair—
Here,—there,—and Everywhere:
  Toiling on,—for, Bliss.

Summer of 1906.

The Cause of Action

Over-come, thou. The Cause of Action
  That projects, its subtle weight
Intercepting Souls,—Distraction;—
  From the Force,—that makes men Great.

Over-come, the Elemental
  Furies, of the passing years,
That embalm Soul's Incidentals,
  With the Fountain flood, of Tears.

Grant the Abler Cause, Precedent,
  To inject thy larger mind,
With the Essence, of Love's Reference,—
  Pure in Quality,— and kind.

July 1, 1909.

To the Soul that Crave

Down, in the valley, of the soul,—
Where flood upon flood, of new light, rushes,
The awakening dawn,—of spiritual grace,
Spreads o'er its mountain sides,—in roseate blushes.

Far, o'er the mountain peaks,—it ripples, softly,—
Blending with the infinite, in ethereal waves,—
Flashing glimpses, of eternal wisdom
To immured mortals,—to the Soul that Craves.

Jan. 10, 1907.

Life's Magnet, Eternal

Invisible forces are urging me on—
On, on, I know not where.
Vague dreams of bliss, like a vapory mist,
Come floating through the air.

In vain I try to catch the void,
And idealize the space,
Creating for myself a hope
To Win In the unknown race.

But the fleeting spark of—I know not what—
Keeps ever just beyond
The boundary line of my mental grasp—
Bewildering—yet fond.

So far away—and yet 'tis near;
So near that I sense and know
That I'm bound by links of an endless chain,
And cannot let it go.

But what it is, or where, or why,
Be it cursed, or be it blessed—
It would ease my longing heart to know,
And give my spirit rest.

Nov. 11, 1907.

Allah's Promise

Allah, dreams of thy coming. He dreams of thy splendor;
He dreams of thy greatness; He dreams of thy joys,—
When Wisdom, and thee,—shall clasp hands together,
And fondle Life's problems, as Child does its toys.

He sees thee,—a unit, in one,—and the sameness,—
He sees thee, all radiant, in robes made of Mind,—
Inter-woven, with thoughts of Love, and Life's mysteries,—
Instructing the youth, and leading the blind.

He sees thee, on heights,—of magnificent daring,—
He sees thee, on waves of thought, and, of sound,—
Giving coloring to Truths, in the Art of expression,
Distributing, thy treasures, so earnestly, found!

Keep on! and, keep on! in the course of thy fancy!
It is the True way,—to thy,—not distant, goal!
It will establish thee greatly, in Heaven's Palladium,
And keep thee in touch, with thy purified soul.

April 28, 1909.

Seventy-seven Times Seven

(A Message From Allah.)

Thy Ship, is on the sea of Life; serene it sails toward the coast
Of Edolon's Isle,—all peopled with: The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The Pilot, at the wheel,—is staunch,—and true,—and strong; his heart is brave;
He fears not—either wind! or tide!—nor billows roar!—nor lashing wave!

He, steers thy Ship, 'midst Danger's shoals!—Rocks; that abound. in every sea
Of life—to death—He brings thee safe, to Heaven, to Home, to Love, to Me.

Where, all thy loved ones, gone before, will gather in the evening's glow,—
With love, alight on every face,—That thou, hast done thy work-below.

Thine infant child, will welcome thee, with love,—not born of earth,—but Heaven;
Forgive, forget; forget, forgive; and say: Thy seventy-seven, times seven.

April 28, 1909.

Alone

A Tearless Sob.

Alone,—in the Ocean of life—
Drifting—I know not where—
Weighted down with toil, and strife,—
Misery! pain! and care!

Oh! for the Mecca fields!
To ransom the weary load,—
That Time and I, have gathered up,—
Along the toilsome road.

Oh! for its glimpse, of rest!
Oh! for its cooling breeze—
Oh! for its balm of Peace,
That, brings to the heart, Surcease!

Sept. 21, 1908.

Ever-more

The Soul's Wondrous Visions.

Waves of billowous commotion, trending downward through the door
Of Infinity's drear path-way,—sweeping on from shore to shore,—
Filling hearts with unbelieving,—of a faith,—whose future dread,
Makes them slaves to fear,—to false-hood;—makes them mourn their loved as dead.

Filling minds, with wondrous visions,—of a future, vast, and grand,—
Glowing out with love of Nature,—bursting forth, on every hand,—
Trailing vines, whose tendrils whisper, soft caressing melodies,
As they sway in gentle motion, to the zephyr's perfumed kiss,

Catch a glimpse of birds, a-glisten, with God's sunlight on their breasts,—
Warbling forth in thrilling measures,—joyous notes of happiness,—
Catch the love-light, on the faces, of their dear ones, passing through
Unseen portals, of death's gate-way, eyes a-sparkle, like the dew

Of June's brightest,—fairest,—morning,—as in wonder of a-maze—
Angels roll aside the curtain, letting in the light a-blaze
With Heaven's beauties,—All a-glitter, with Love's birth-right, running o'er,
From the Fount of Deeps, Eternal; on the heights of Ever-more.

Aug. 28, 1909.

Memory's Responsive Echoes

Mocking, Memory's noiseless treading,
Comes from out the Phantom Past,—
Scattering golden leaves of promise,
Of a love, too sweet to last!

In her hands she holds a picture,—
Sculptured in a heart of stone,
Wreathed with myrtle, rue, and roses—
Under-neath,—this word: "Alone!"

In her eyes—whose glance, a-glimmer
With a love, that never died,—
Shines a light of soul-ful pity,
For the heart, I crucified

On the Altar-stone,—of Friendship,—
At the shrine of Duty—laid
As an offering, of the earnest,
Faithful Vows, that I had made.

And a voice, from out the stillness,
Chants a requiem, o'er the dead
Leaves of promise, in life's path-way,
That my weary feet, must tread.

Soft, and sad, the music trembles—
Drifting out, in wistful moan,
'Til it seems to catch responsive
Echoes, from the heart of stone.

Aug. 11, 1909.

The Song of Ancient Times

I have tuned my harp to other lays;
My song shall be of ancient-time
When prose and poetry, were one,—
And people spoke their thoughts in rhyme.

When actions, were the grandest praise,—
And deeds, not men, were great of earth,—
When, science slept,—and all men's state
Was right by force,—and not by birth.

He, wore the proudest mark of rank,
Who held the spear,—and not the pen,—
And wielded it in gallant grace,
In tricks unknown to modern men.

The hero of the hour was he,
Who held Life lightly,—(as her gloves
Are held by fairest maiden, when,
She coyly beckons him she loves.)

'Twas nothing, in those days, to point
The dagger at the foeman's breast,—
Or,—at a word,—to send it home
To heart of him, one, loved the best.

In Senate, or, on battle-field,
As, churl met churl, in open space,—
A word,—a blow,—and only One,
Was left,—where, Two: met face to face.

When Caesars met their Brutusses—
When Crowns were lost for lover's kiss—
And Antony's in Cleo's arms
Were drowned in sweet voluptuousness.

These days, these deeds, these men are gone;
The old rings new,—the new rings old;
For ancient fashions have their day,
And Newer fashions Seem less bold.

And yet I see, the things of old,
Are played upon a Newer stage;
New men,—old scenes,—are now encored—
Methinks: perhaps, in Lesser-rage.

But, what betides, if this be true?
Our senses,—passions,—are as one,
In Lesser guise,—in Lesser mould!
It is the same since life begun!

And, he who Crucifies desire,—
To sanctify his Moral mind:
He, surely,—falsely, misses much
In life!—nor benefits, mankind!

And, therefore! say I,—be not false,—
But, let thy passions play each note—
In loud,—clear strains; the Songs the same!
Although the Air, be less remote.

Be true to Thyself! and kind!
Be true! I say,—and Kiss the rod!
Unmask Thyself! and thou wilt find
The Perfect path that Leads to God!

May 11, 1906.

Cæsars Rebuke

The author's Guide's impromptu answer to a mental question, by Postmaster Smith, at a "Sitting"; through author's Organism. A seeming rebuke to a skeptic, present.

Ye shall live the life, of "Christian Slave";—
Ye shall live, and love, and dare to brave
The Doubting Monarch, in his spleen,
Where jests, and jeers roll in between
His skepticism,—and lack of truth.
Be faithful, thou! and if forsooth,
'Twould chance that thou, shouldst meet with fame,
And lasting honor to thy name;
In just pursuance of a cause
That interweaves all nature's laws
Into one, grand, sublime content,—
Our message has been wisely sent.
And, thou! the Crypt, of wisdom's store
Of Knowledge, shadowed on, before,
Like tide of ocean, tempest swept,—
Bounding its foam, as billows leapt
Their confines, with tremendous roar,—
Leaving tiny shells upon the shore.

May 3d, 1910.

The Right Shall Ever Prevail

Dedicated to Miss Lucy Green.

I, think I, am Right! You, may think that I'm Wrong!
Each one, in their different Scale,
Essay, to establish an accurate form
Of the Right, that should Ever Prevail!

Now, if I think I'm right; I, must feel that you're wrong.
We must work the Rule both ways,—or fail
In our Logic,—becoming exorbitantly rash
With the Right, that should Ever Prevail.

I, may go to the Concert,—You, go to your Church;
I, am "wicked," and under the pale
Of God's vengeance,—as you, may conceive
Of the Right, that, should Ever Prevail.

Whilst, I think, you churlish, and dwarfish in mind—
That Wisdom's bright star, is in veil
Of mist, and obscured by your vision, to my
Own, Right, which I think, should Prevail.

I, might sit by my window and watch you pass by,—
And with venomous tongue, might assail
Your carriage,—your walk,—assuming 'tis Wrong,—
With my Right, that, I think, should Prevail.

Now, we are All of us Right; in our Own Stage of growth;
Indexing, our True Grade, and Scale
In Progression's evolvement,—by our Words, and our Acts
Of the Right, that doth Ever Prevail.

No one, should presume, to establish a groove
For his Brother to walk in. Should he fail,—
He, is either a coward,—or craven,—affirmed
By your Standard of Right, to Prevail.

We know not the cause, of the action of each;
We know not the Tempest, or gale
Of inward emotions, sweeping them on
By the Right, that shall Ever Prevail.

We are All of us the Offspring, of One Common Cause;
The Strongest, the Weakest assail;
We are either the Vultures, or else, we're their Prey;
'Tis a Truth, that doth Ever Prevail.

Each one, in his Orbit,—we cannot go Wrong
In Progression's Determinate, sail
O'er Eternity's Sea,—whose Compass, is God,
And the Right, that shall Ever Prevail.

We are All of us Right,—we are Right, in our wrong!
And the Moral to this simple tale,
Is if I'm in the wrong, then you're in the Right,
By the Right, that Must Ever Prevail.

March 16th, 1910.
May Morse Burke, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Laws and Philosophy of Action

Reply To a Question.

There are fountains, and foilage, and fields that are fertile
With grain,—that in fancy, you never could dream—
There are golden lights, molten lights, purple, and azure,—
That reflect back their colors in each purling stream.

There are waves,—there are billows, foam crested—and turbulent
That lash on the shores of Edolon's Isle,—
Majestic in fury, in splendor; magnificent,
As they follow each other, in rhythmical file.

Oh! the waves beat to madness, to sadness, to gladness,—
Far vaster in grandeur, far greater in name,
But, the same laws propel us; compel, and repel us,—
Here, there, and everywhere! Old Nature's the same!

We live, by our acts of Justice, and Mercy,
And thrive, in our mind, in our heart, in our soul;
By compassion, only, we see faults of others,
In pity, and love, we try to control.

There is no usurpation! The law of Attraction,
Gives each one, his due,—as he travels along
The high-way of heaven; each one in his orbit,—
The road of Progression; he cannot go wrong!

There's a magnet,—compelling,—impelling,—repelling,—
That holds in place,—like a pivot of steel, —
Revolving,—dissolving, the wheat, form the thistle
Which, causes the pain, in the heart, that you, feel.

And let me, this moment,—make this glad confession;
We long for you nightly,—we long for you dear,
To open the doors, between Heaven, and Earth-life,
That we may come in, and visit you here.

April, 27, 1909.

God vs. Oblivion

There is no, such Fountain,—as Oblivion;
Where, lethean waters,—Eternal; flow,—
Where Peace, and Rest, are purchased by Inaction,
Where, all Mind ceases,—and souls, forget to grow.

All, Nature's Laws, demand the Soul's expression;
Let it be great, or greater; small, or less;—
And that the tide, of forces Centripetal,
Brings to itself, all spiritual blessedness.

August 20, 1907.

Still a Problem

Yet, Never Alone.

Still on the shores of earth, we wander,—
Nursing a hope, sublime;
Walking on with stumbling feet, and faltering;
Wondering,—at the lapse, of Time!

Seers,—of modern, and the ancient times,—Historic,
Greet us, with welcome word,—and song,
But, the problems, of the universe,—still linger,—
And, we know not,—yet,—the place, where we belong.

Once,—across, the border line; twixt Earth, and Heaven,
We shall meet the Unisonous souls, of bliss,—
Swathed in essence of Wisdom's glorious mantle,
That, ejects its subtle perfume,—into this.

That, in spasmodic workings,—of our reason,—
We can sense, and catch the wondrous, over-flows,
Of Divinity's abundancy; of knowledge,—
Just a little, of the much,—we long to know.

June 24, 1909.

Transfiguration Through Obedience

Or Order and Genius in Evolution.

Soul, of the Universe! Thy potent power, is felt
Radiating from Central Source of God,—
Limitless in confine, revelling in space,
Revealing Wonders in response to pregnant Sod.

Clutched in the grasp of earth, where myriad Wombs, teem love
Of God Divine, and Infinite desire;
Breeding the Soul of things, in unison of Cause,
Conditioned with Law, and Aspiration's fire.

Thine own perceptive Sense, is Inspiration's Fount,
Where, flows the Love-tide of Eternal streams,
From Eternity's vast emulgent,—through Seraph veins,—
Engulfing Earth's rudiments, in Genius' dreams.

Thy Vision, grasps the multitudinous Thought of all
Thy being's bounty,—and in Reciprocal assent,
Flushes it's flood-tide in Mother Nature's breast,—
Whose Face o'er spreads, with Spontaneous consent.

And from Thy Common Evocation, springs
Evolvements,—so diversified, and rare
In Tribunals of beauty, wonderment and worth,
That, Transfiguration could not render them more fair.

Dec. 1, 1909.

Nature's Unfoldment

The Waves beat to madness! to sadness! to gladness!
As they roll in their fury! of etheric flight,—
Toward the Central Conclusion,—of Vibrant Effusion,
Of Soul—essence,—wrought from, Their Majestic Might.

'Tis the Source,—and the Cause,—of Infinite weaving,
In loom of Eternity's Vastness, and room,—
Where the Soul-centers, gambol, in rythmical ramble,
Effervescing Intelligence, through-out, the dense gloom.

The Pinnacle place, in each Embryonic,
Of Nature's fulfillment, perfectment, and ease—
Causation's Infaction, of Etheric Action,
Inherent, in Time,—Eternity's Seas.

The God-head of Nature, lies deep in the bosom,
Of each Soul's endowment of Love, and Desire;
Embellishment potent, distilling its Rotant,
Fiber-fibrilliants,—in Spiritual fire.

Conditions, Specific, and Timal,—assailing—
Projected,—Protected—in each different Form,—
In Unit Celestial, from Seas—Elemental;
And, Lo! on the Earth, Distinct Beings, are Born.

July 2, 1909.

Love's Vibrant Chalice

In the Cathedral of my soul, where the ritual of my life is being daily read, in shrove-tide rivulets, at Conscience's shrine,—through dead, and distant memories of the past Phantom years,—I roam in sweet contentment, of a latent power,—whose limitless intelligence,—quickening, into Creations of Ideal-nutriment; from color blending into Thought-entrances.....Nooks, Deified by Ecstacies, in Primal Passion's-Province.....swayed, by deep Emotion's Empire..... moved to Music's Symphonies, by perfumes, subtle, in obsolete Gardens

of the Eden's Consciousness,—where Olive-Orisons, are being chanted, by Seriphins—Olympic—in ordinance to law of Nature's opulence.... visioned from Within. I search the Vistas, of my Thought's most Unripe-Record—of Motives, barren,—finding an Age, Coeval, and Cohabitant, in Commons, deep, Commotional Congress of Destiny's desire, and Nature's determinate demands—Unctioned by unerring Divinity's Silent-ripple, and Question not,—in Dress of deep regret—or Raiment of remorse—the Course of Wilderness, and Jungle, my Infantile feet entangled, in over-flow, of Love's Vibrant Chalice.

Aug. 4, 1909.

Eden's Primal Consciousness

Fair, was the Morn,—when Eden Woke
To Consciousness,—from slumbers, deep!
She gazed,—enwrapped in voiceless melody,
From Harp, of Silence,—who had broke her Sleep!

A ray of Light, shot out, from Nature's Womb,
Athwart the Void of darkness,—vast.
And, Eden, caught the Ray,—and Thought,—and spake:
'I Live, I Know,—I Live at Last.

March 26, 1907.

Deny Me Not

A Message from E. A. Poe, at a UniCycle, where one of the members present, spoke derogatory of him, concerning his early life.

I will fret your fevered fancy, into foment,—for a time,
Bewildering universal minds, along intellectual rhyme,
Whose brains were never sodden, by the juice of Indian corn,
For mother Nature, made them clods, while yet they were unborn.

Their brain cells are full of liquid, of a flimsey, foully, kind;
Their vision, being limited,—Much goodness, makes them blind,
To every thing, but grossness, of the lowest sense, and thought,
That mother Nature, feels ashamed, of the work that she has wrought.

Oh! let them dwell on filth, and foul; eating the rotten meat,
That tickles up their palate, like the sweetest, of the sweet;
But, keep your mind above them,—the level of the beast,—
And, let them on such foulness, continue, their low feast!

It hurts you, not, for them to know, that I'm your friend, and Guide;
Betray me not, my Medium, I will not, be denied.

April 7, 1909.

The Poet Poe's Vindication

(Through the Hand of May Morse-Burke.)

And who shall dare, in other years,
To scoff the Poet's name,
That boldly ventured, through the Press,
His honest thought's proclaim?
Or, who will doubt the virtuous mind,
That didst his thoughts endow!
With Ripeness, foreign to the times,—
As thine is to the Now.

Summer of 1906.

A Demand

Soar me! the Pinnacle place,—of my daring!
Sight me! the Recess of God! hidden deep—
In bosom, of Infinite Love, and of Caring!
Where, myriads of Embroys, are awakened from sleep,

By Motion Creative! God's hand on the cradle—
His Lull-a-song, an Anthem of Praise,
Bursting forth from the Chrysalis, of Tenant, not able
To Un-womb itself, without "His Wondrous Way's."

I, seek me, the Place, where Caldron, Eternal,
Is bubbling, and seething, with Love's over-flow!
Projecting new thoughts, from Wisdom's Supernal,
Transmitted, by Angels, to Mortals, below!

Oh! Central Condition! I'll find Ye! and handle
Thy secrets—Mysterious—of Life, in its Stage
Of earliest Conception! By the Light of God's candle,
I'll find Ye! and Feast on Thy fair Virgin page

Of unrollment! Where God, with His finger-marks, printed
His first deep impressment,—His first Breathing Kiss
On Face of Mute Nature, Whose lips, never hinted
The place,—Embroyonic,—of God's Wedded Bliss!

Where, Beings, are Fashioned, in Forms, and in beauty!
Where numberless Planets, are born; and then hurled
Into Orbits,—Atractive; Law, System, and Duty,—
To hold Province; and Sway,— as a Kingdom,—a World.

January 5, 1910.

The Author's Infantile Smallness

Retrospective and Prospective Views.

The Calumet of heaven's dome
Is fillagreed with twinkling stars,
Of Mosaic splendor,—galaxied,
And belted by eliptic bars.

Triumvirator! of the skies,
Of worlds,—of systems, yet unknown,—
Ascendancy's most arcal flight,
Ne'er reached the heights Where thou hast flown.

And yet, ye feel no stranger, to
The paths, unfrequented by thy God;
Ye scope the universal miles,
Whilst, clings thy feet to nature's sod.

The Balance-wheel of Time, speeds on,—
Evolving Worlds, from out its Womb,
Whilst Bodies, made from out their Dust,
Lie rotting, in some Heathen-tomb.

Thy brains, are Ions, in the Cause;
Like Microbes, in a Barren state.
Ye probe, the Universal Whole,—
Ye probe, but cannot penetrate.

Feb. 22, 1910.

A Greeting From Allah

Allah, Greets thee,— and greeting, would say,—thy manner gives pleasing countenance to thy thoughts,—and he would determine thee, to persue thy justification in the minds of men, in becoming absorbment of the Greater principles of God's teaching,—Benumbing thy senses, to howl of wolves, and screech of Vultures,—who prey upon the Carrion of their Fancies,—transposing thy mind's wonderings,—becoming One, with us,—as Vessel, of pure holding.

Thy fullness, is assured, thee.

Feb. 12, 1910.

A Message from Allah

Yea! Thy Tribe will not forsake thee, in the midst of thy glory, and plentitude. E'en though ye be forsaken by all,—ye still have abundance in forethought, and knowledge. Arise! Walk forth! becoming a Salvation unto men,—thy Brothers! bewailing, not, the Trumpet, of the little Clash. Their works, have morbid showing, leaving thee, a pillar of greater worth, and rememberance. Trust not thy virtues to those, who have proven, poor custodians of their own.

Allah, Feb. 28, 1910.

Infinite Parentage

Vesta! Virgin Goddess!
In thy shroud of white!
Alabaster's purity,
Darkens, in thy sight.

Flame, of Passion's vortex,
Ne'er disturbed thy soul;
Chancel brow, of thine, is writ
With Freedom's virtuous scroll.

Embellished with the beauties,
Of Imperial desire,
Perfect! Proudly conscious
Of God,—Creation's Sire!

Mary! Bitter! Sea-star!
Love's elements of life,
Made thee, a Virgin mother,—
A loved, and faithful wife!

Feb. 23, 1910.

Etherealization

Strange element of God! Thy force is felt
In ether waves of sentient blue,
Phantoming our Vision's microscope,—
Like mirage, mocking, mortal's view.
Solicitant, we form the Mystic charm,—
Drawing thee, to our Cycle-fold,
In nearness, of a life compact with ours,—
Whose vapory forms, and breathings, cold,
Inamorate us, in Mystery's subtle chain,—
Holding us fast, in Bound-en link
Of Faith, immaculate—Fruition's joy,—
The Soul's upheaval, when sad hearts sink
In seas, Terrestial, for absent friends,
Whom Messengers, have called, and bore

Aloof, to Exultant's Web and Woof,—
Welding our hearts, more firmly, than before,—
To Infinity's tralucent Cause-way
Of approach,—where Love's pelucid streams,—
Phosphorent,—Centralize Etheric forms,
Trilling them into the Scenic, of our dreams.

March 6, 1910.

On History's Tablet Tower

Thy Terpsichorean measures, are Sublime;
Running the scales, of Everlasting Time;
Whose music stirs thy heart, to Rapture's glow,
In softer, sweeter cadence, than the steamlets flow
Thy Mystic mind, in Wisdom's realms, appear,
Like unto Angels, hovering near
The Throne of God,—Obedient to the Will
Of Him, who spake these words: "Peace be Still."
Thy Laurel Crown, awaits thee, in the years,
Crescented, with stars, begotten by thy tears.
Advance the coming of thy Lord; for, Lo!
He greets thee! And greeting, doth bestow
Thine Energies, with determinate power,
To forge thy name, on History's Tablet Tower.

Feb. 11, 1910.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel

I quote not Horace, nor the Muse,
Who wrote: "Sans Gene." For what's the use
Of Apeing scholars, in an age
When Virtue, sprang from Passion's rage!
Thy life has been besotted, o'er—
With sins of Others; and, the more
Ye try,—their faults and sins to mask,—

The more Ye find, 'tis thankless task!
'Twere better, thou should'st take thy Cue,—
God given,—and begin a-new!
Leaving the horde, of Parasites!
To Gnaw their Bones! and fight their fights!
Forgiving All—Forgetting None!
Until thy Victory, be Won!

Feb. 9, 1910.

A Chapter of Truisms

ARTICLE I

Peace and Good Will to the world,—to Man;
He, the Highest Conception, of Nature's Plan;
Evolving,—He seeks the Finer Force;
Magnetic,—He cannot lose his Course;
But, on, and on, in a Spiral wave,
He reaches Heaven, through the Grave.

April 29, 1909.

ARTICLE II

Transpose the Diadem and Crown, for bells,
To decorate the heels, of clown, (?) who sells
Their birthright, for filthy lucre,
Then look into their past, and read their future.

April 7, 1910.

ARTICLE III

Balaam's Ass might be forgotten,—
And its Bray;
Persia's Rocks, will never rotten,—
Silent,—for aye!

Feb. 23, 1910.

ARTICLE IV

They will hem, and haw, and play see-saw,
With Facts, not suited to their brain;
Standing, for Hire, to handle, Mire,
If by the means, 'twould reap them, gain.

Feb. 12, 1910.

ARTICLE V

Arabia's dulcet tenor,
And Persia's minor tones,
Combine in one Harmonica,
To Jubilant, the Zones.

Feb. 23, 1910.

ARTICLE VI

Life is too extant; to limit it to one Dominion, in this Sub-way, of existence. The Crucifixion of the Christ, within; places one,— In the Category of Criminals.

ARTICLE VII

Touch thine Harp lightly,—softly,—caressingly;
Let thy soul,—drink-in, the soft, mellow sound;
Warp not thine instrument, by impatient longing;—
The gold, that shines brighest,—lies deep, under ground.

July 19, 1906.

ARTICLE VIII

The Light that gleams from other eyes,
Like twinkling stars, in firmament—
Will set thy passion's soul, on fire,
With thought's and words,—of Holy bent.

Summer of 1906.

ARTICLE IX

Forth, from the Infinite, an inspiration came;—
  Forceful—logical—and, touched the brain
Of one,—whose Zealousness, in the Cause,
  Was but an epitome, of Nature's Laws.

August 23, 1907.

ARTICLE X

Heaven, and earth, are drawing nearer,
  With each throbbing of thy heart.
Know, that each pulsation, draws thee,
  Nearer thy Integral part?

October 1906.

ARTICLE XI

Thy soul cries out, for wisdom's light;—
  And as each sad refrain
Is recorded,—the tones come back,
  In a softer, sweeter strain.

October 1906.

ARTICLE XII

Slowly, comes Ethereal wisdom,
  Wafted from the unseen shore;
Where, the sweet acclaim, of Angels,
  Sing the prelude, o'er and o'er!

And the Anthem, louder!—clearer!
  Floats in Melody, sublime!
'Til responsive mortals, catch,—
  And ring it down the grooves of Time.

July 7, 1906.

ARTICLE XIII

Warp not thy mind with others' lays!
Thine Harp,—will sound the chords of truth.
Thy roses,—and thy thorns,—are thine!
Let others,—chant, their: Thus Forsooths!

Take heed to what thine Angels, say;
And, lesser,—of the Rabble! 'round!
A false note played, by Alien's hand,
Will give thine Harp dicordant sound!

July 10, 1906.

ARTICLE XIV

Oh! the ether waves of music,—
Flashing from the unseen shore,—
Filling me with sweet contentment,—
Glimpsing me, of Ancient lore, —

Bringing to my vision,—pictures,—
Locked within, Old Nature's breast,—
Hidden deep within her Bowels,—
Things undreamed,—and things unguessed.

Jan. 2, 1910.

ARTICLE XV

"Twere Better to err in Praise, than in Condemnation."

ARTICLE XVI

The Oak! undaunted, by the winds!
Though winter-wracked, and tempest-torn,—
Renascent,—wafts on breath of love,
This leaf to thee, for Easter-morn.

March 24, 1910.

The Capitalistic Slave Peril

(OUR NATION'S WEIGHT)

Men! Co-workers! Men! Co-brothers!
Striving for the good of all;
Ever ready,—ever willing
To respond, to, Nation's call.

When in danger,—at the crisis.
Thine, has been the saving hand,—
Thine,—the heart, and thine the courage
To protect, this lovely land.

Thine. the spirit, too, of mercy,—
When across Atlantic's Wave—
Pebbled, in each foam-crest billow,
Chanted moan, of Spanish Slave.

Fought Ye, well! for Cuba's freedom!
Fought Ye, brave! and fought Ye, free,
From all memory. of the clanking,
Clanging chains, that clung to thee.

Break Ye, there the rule. Despotic!
Seating freedom, on its throne,
Balancing, the scales of Justice.
Ere Ye, memoried, of thine own.

Then, a picture of thy struggle,
With the Juggernaut, of Greed.—
Negatived thy Mental's canvass,
'Til thy heart felt greater need

Of a Freedom, for thy people,—
From the grasp of Monster, Trust!
Combinations,—Corporations!
Sired. by Mammon's selfish lust.

And, Ye saw! perpetual sorrow,
Creeping out, from Sons,—like these!
Desolation! Degradation!
In the Tide, of Human seas.

And. thy mental canvass,—widened,—
Visioning, a Work-shop! door,—
Capital! with Index finger—
Pointing Wage: Down! Lower! Lower!

Speaking out, in tones,—Commanding!
Cringe! thou, Slave! to Our, Demand!
Toil. thou! toil thou! for Our comfort!
We, the Head, and Thou, the Hand!

We, the Monarch! and thy Master!
Form, Monopolies, and Trusts!
Regulating scale of wages.
That buys thee, thy crumb, and crust.

Keeping Ye, from Swift Starvation!
That Our Wants, may be supplied!
Sinews, of Our Gain, and Profit!
Else, cared we not, how soon Ye Died.

Toiled Ye, on, with hearts a-burden,—
Head bowed low, for many a year,—
'Til the Force of Desperation,
Flooded out, thy hopeless Fear.

Hark! a murmur! sweeps the Nation!
Bursting from, the Heart's respond!
Embryoed—Determination!
Forming, Universal Bond.

Linked with Principle,—preceding;—
Nature's First;—God's Primal Call;—
Welded with the Christ's Commandment!
Mottoed: "Equal Rights, For All."

* * * * * *

Robust, grows the infant Unions!
Brother-hoods, in every land
Leap the space,—at heart-beat, pulse-beat,—
Soul, to soul! and hand, to hand!

Fearlessly, Ye stand together!
Fearlessly, Ye wait, and pray,
That the Metal Art Construction,
Grant, request: "Nine hours a day."

Can Ye, Men! out-live Their madness?
Can Ye suffer, and be strong?
Holding Courage 'gainst thy hunger?
Brothers! can Ye stand it long?

Hear! the cries, of starving children?
Hear! the moan of hungry wives?
Feel! the Iron hand,—Monopoly,—
Crushing out your Free-born lives?

See! the Hydra-headed Monarch!
Sapping up, the sweat of years?
As Ye gaze, on wife, and children,
Through a mist of falling tears.

* * * * * *

Comes a message,—from the Heavens,
Through the Angels, hovering near:
"Courage, Brothers! Stand together!
Courage! courage! have no fear!"

Brand, Ye not! thyself as coward!
Wear no mark, of 'Scab,' or 'Knave!'
Better die, a hungry Freeman,
Than a Capitalistic Slave!

"For the yoke, of Serfdom, weakens!—
Tyrant's power, begins to yield!—
Cobra-coils, begin to loosen!—
Ye! Stand Victors, in the Field!

"Like a Constellation, shining,—
With the flag of Peace, unfurled!
Standing, Brother-hood, of Nations,—
Federation of the World."

God advance, the Reformation,—
That the Angels, whisper, me;
Ye, can Haste it, with the Ballot,
And, the Socialistic Key;

Opening up, the doors of Freedom;
With Equal Rights, to all, below,—
God's own voicing,—in His message,—
"Ye shall reap, whate'er Ye sow;"

Men! My Brothers!—break the fetters
That encircle thee in Care!
And with weapon, birthed from Ballot!
Drive the Monster, to his lair!

Strike! for Equal Rights, Oh, Brother!
'Tis God's Heritage, to Man,—
Through the Universal Oneness,—
Not, through Party, Tribe, or Clan!

Ye! are children of One People!
Ye! are children of One State!
God,—The Law,—the One Dominion!
None! are Small, and None! are great!

All, are Equal, in the Presence,
Of, Divine's Great Over-soul!
Free in thought, and, free in action,
As the rippling waves, that roll

O'er the bosom of His waters,—
Symphonied, with songs of Love,—
Vibratory,—Angel-whispers,—
Lull-a-byed, from Courts, above.

Now, may the rippling waters sing it!
May the dews, of Heaven, that fall
On the face of Mother Nature,
Sparkle,—"Equal Rights for All."

—June 14, 1910.

JUL 11 1910

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